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Emma F. Savingle.

MUSKINGUM MELODIES

BY

EMMA F. SWINGLE,

AUTHOR.

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EMMA F. SWINGLE,

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REVERENTLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

Speak not her name in careless tone
As lightly as another;
With holy, reverent love alone
Give it the meed to Angels shown,
And softly say, "My Mother."

PREFACE.

PERHAPS but few people care to read an author's preface. However, a few introductory remarks may not prove altogether uninteresting.

When I first commenced to "dabble" in poetry it was not with the slightest intention of ever "writing a book." But a considerable accumulation of "literary wares," and much kindly encouragement, has persuaded me to arrange this little volume and give it to the public as

MUSKINGUM MELODIES.

A part of the collection was written among the quiet hills of home; others within sight and sound of the "Father of Waters;" others where the "Blue Muskingum" makes everlasting melody; and others still, in the solitude of a country railway station where I was employed. Some early efforts are added, not because of any merit,

but because of the associations connected with them.

I am aware of the fact that these unpretentious pages are not without their errors, yet should their perusal afford half the pleasure to my readers that their writing has afforded the author, she will have had her reward.

Go! then, little volume! grown dear to my heart!
With a sigh for thine errors, I bid thee depart!
A beautiful memory ever will be,
The days I have journeyed together with thee.
If thou, in thy weakness, some lone heart can cheer,
Or canst summon a smile, where had trembled a tear.
Canst gather the sunlight, bid shadows to flee,
As thou hast, so often, in kindness to me,
Then, finally, when thou art cast on the shelf,
Assuredly, thou canst be pleased with thyself.
May the world treat thee kindly; and lightly abuse,
The hours we have wasted, in courting the Muse.

Very sincerely,

E. F. S.,

Dillon, Ohio.

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Blue and Gray.

AGAIN I hear the stirring sound, the throbbing
fife and drum;
Again they lead the moving ranks as through the
land they come;
Again the valiant hearts and true fall in the grand
array,
And march in one united force—together, Blue
and Gray.

'Tis not the contest's bitter strife calls out the
faithful band!
'Tis not the thundering tread of war that echoes
through the land!
'Tis not the phalanx of the South in marshaled
lines of gray!
'Tis not for freedom's righteous cause they rise in
ranks to-day!

But 'tis devotion's tender tale, that year by year is
told,
When comrades meet, with throbbing hearts, above
the sacred mold—
Above the silent, slumbering forms that sweetly
sleeps below,
Where gleaming sword had laid to rest those dread-
ful years ago.

Full five and thirty annual rounds have rolled their years away
Since first they donned the coats of blue, and marched to meet the gray.
O, sadly swelled the warrior's song, and sadly stirred the drum,
That led them forth from those they loved, their hearts with anguish dumb!

But Fate's decree can never yield, and Duty's voice is strong,
And bravely marched they to the field, inspired by Freedom's song;
For Freedom stamped her image fair on manhood's noble brow,
And Love with all its marshaled hosts goes forth to shield it now.

And though they marched with measured tread where Duty bade them roam,
Their hearts were still with those they loved around the hearth of home.
O, was it maiden's soulful smile, or mother's saintly prayer,
Or one who joined her fate with his, life's joys and griefs to share?

A form unseen, yet ever near, bore of his life a part,
And love inspired to valor's deeds for one who claimed his heart,
And oft in silent slumber deep 'neath blankets kissed with dew,
Sweet, dreamy pinions bore him back where life and love were true.

But bugle notes their slumbers break; the morrow's strife is near;
Lo! in the daylight's golden dawn the gleaming hosts appear!
While screaming shell and cannon roar peal forth the awful fray,
And in the battle's bleeding jaws are mingling, Blue and Gray.

A valiant band of brothers—all, those unrelenting foes,
Who, through the cannon's livid glare, give vent to traitor's woes.
Yet firmly stand the union band, unflinching faced the fire
That laid their charging columns low, and piled the dying higher.

Was freedom bought for trifles once, that men
should yield it now,
And weld the bondsmen's iron yoke—to traitor's
footstool bow?
No! ah, no; its blood-bought price our honored
fathers paid;
And loyal legions will defend when tyrant ranks
invade!

America! how art thou blest with loyal sons and
true?
Behold them yield their cherished lives, thy glory
still in view!
And hail the Flag thy people love e'en with their
latest breath,
And shout the nation's battle-cry of, LIBERTY OR
DEATH!

No bugle's note, or battle roar, e'er breaks the
dreamless sleep,
Of those they left in sunny lands, where stars their
vigils keep,
But glory gilds the hero's tomb, where Valor sleeps
"Unknown,"
And keeps its bivouac round the dead that Freedom
claimed her own.

The Stars and Stripes float proudly on, alike in
North and South,
And Blue and Gray are pardon-wreathed around
the cannon's mouth;
And hand in hand, with garlands twined, their
tender tributes tell,
And yearly crown the hallowed mounds that marks
the place they fell.

But Father Time his own will reap; earth's harvest
field will glean,
And Blue and Gray alike will sleep in sheltered
tents of green.
But generations hence will rise to bless the land
they trod,
And with affection's garlands sweet bedew their
sacred sod.

And when the Great Commander's voice shall
wake the Judgment Day,
And call from out earth's battle-ground the ranks
that silent lay,
To pass within the Golden Gate for glad and grand
review,
Alike they'll stand before the Throne, together,
Gray and Blue.

And when the last long roll is called, the victor's
chaplet near,
O! may each earth-remembered name in triumph
answer "Here;"
And angels twine their fadeless crowns on that
Reunion Day,
And heaven extend its mercies sweet alike to Blue
and Gray.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

YE poets, sweet, in every land,
Your golden harp strings thrill,
And sing of one ye knew and loved,
Whose voice of song is still.

When chill Autumnal winds came down,
Death's story sad, to tell,
To blooming flowers, and foliage green,
The "Last Leaf," trembling, fell.

As on the shores of Time we watched
The Poet lights grow dim,
And one by one pass out of sight,
We fonder clung to him.

He sang of Peace, he sang of War,
He sang of Hope and Love,
He sang of Life, he sang of Death,
He sang of Heaven above,

In tones so sweet we followed on,
Enraptured by the strain,
With willing feet where'er he led,
In joy or sorrow's train.

We smiled with him at boyish mirth,
  We wept at sorrow's song;
For to his sweet and deathless rhyme
  Both smiles and tears belong.

Though hushed his voice, and stilled his pen
  To earthly minstrelsy,
Mankind will ever keep for him
  The sweetest memory.

More "stately mansions" he has sought—
  The soul for aye is free;
The "outgrown shell" all silent lies,
  By "Life's unresting sea."

In brighter climes his genius lives,
  Beyond this fleeting breath,
He sings the songs of fairer lands,
  Made visible by Death.

First Christmas Eve.

THE shadows of evening on Bethlehem's plain
Had kissed the brown earth, and then lifted again,
While night's sable wings, with their darkening frown,
Through measureless distance came silently down;
And man, all unconscious that triumph was nigh,
Went to sleep, while the winds through the olives moaned by.

And the night grew so wintry, so chilling, so cold,
That the shepherds, half wakeful, kept watch by the fold.
O! glorious night! could the stars stay their power,
Or clouds scatter darkness in victory's hour?
No! the heavens were clothed in such radiant light
That the shepherds took heed of the wonderful sight.

Hark! List ye, my brother! Was that the wind's moan?
No! the winds never sang such a musical tone!
And this wonderful light? Oh, the sun never rose

At the hour of midnight to break our repose!
'Tis a convoy of angels! hear the rustle of wings!
'Tis a message from heaven their gathering brings.

Arise! Let the powers of your soul be aroused!
'Tis the Day of Redemption, that God has espoused!
Lo! hear the glad song: "Peace be to all men!"
Hear the angels proclaim it again and again!
"Unto you a Redeemer is born this day
Which shall be to all people; yon Star leads the way!"

It was not o'er a palace His Star hung that night,
Where diamonds glistened in coronets bright,
And kings sat in council 'mid porphyried walls
Where tints of the rainbow in harmony falls,
Where wisdom and royalty, grand to behold,
Deep reveled in splendors of purple and gold.

But out in the bleakness of winter's chill air,
Away from all semblance of comfort or care,
His shelter, a grotto 'mid orient rocks;
His cradle, a manger 'mid orient flocks,
Christ entered His kingdom to die for our sin—
There was room in the stall, but "no room in the inn."

No room in the city of pomp and of state,
With walls so forbidding and fast bolted gate;
No room in the mansions of wealth and of gold,
Where princes of justice held carnival bold;
No room in the palace, where rulers held sway;
No room in their hearts for a "Greater than they."

And down through the cycles of centuries flown
Still king followed king to a tottering throne,—
And reign followed reign,—in their splendor and gold,
Whose heroes have fled "as a tale that is told,"
Their glory as fleeting as dews of the morn,
Their memory tarnished by many a thorn.

While He, on whose lips trembled babyhood's cry
In Bethlehem's manger, while shepherds stood by,
And He who breathed pardon 'mid agonized groan
On Calvary's mountain, shall claim as His own
Our wandering planet,—a star that was lost—
A gem for His kingdom, His sacrifice cost.

Our King, who ascended from "Manger to Throne,"
Rides on in a victory wholly His own;
A conquest eternal, a conquest of souls;
And when for His kingdom each kingdom enrolls,
His voice will cry down from the echoless shore,
And declare to all people that "Time is no more."

The Doomed City.

SOFTLY fell the May-day shadows
O'er a landscape rich and wide,
While the springtime's new born glory,
Lingered on the mountain side—
Lingered like a benediction
O'er the vale where nature slept,
Kissed the scene farewell forever,
While the dews from heaven wept.

Nestled 'neath the Alleghenies,
In the valley far below,
Lay the fair and happy city,
Doomed to drain the cup of woe;
Fair in all its May-day glory;
Glad in all that spring supplies;
Bright with hope the fancied future,
Spread before expectant eyes.

Sunlight played upon the meadows;
Children sought in gay delight
Fair, wild flowers, their own dear emblems,
Blooming sweetly, ere the blight.

Progress reigned with onward motion,
Marking well the day's routine,
While the man of proud presumptions
Blandly smiled upon the scene.

Gayly toiled the humble workman;
Not for fortune, not for fame,
But to see his dear ones sheltered
In a home that none might claim.
Sweet the hope that sees fruition;
Blest the ties of love that bind;
Kind the hand that veils the future
From the eyes of humankind.

Faith had fastened firm her anchor;
Love and truth each bosom thrilled;
Hearts beat high with fond ambitions,
Ne'er on earth to be fulfilled.
All serene their calm horizon;
Peace her chaplet o'er them wreathed;
Yet above the destined city
Hung the Sword of Fate unsheathed.

High upon the mountain summit
Sorrow's fount lay deep and wide;
But its strong foundation crumbled
'Neath the water's surging tide.

Downward rushed the raging torrent,
O'er the mountain's steep descent,
Sweeping onward through the valley,
On its deadly mission bent.

Forests faded 'neath the current;
Cities sank beneath the wave;
While amid the crumbling ruins
Hundreds, thousands, found a grave.
Johnstown lay, in all its glory,
In the pathway of the flood;
And the few who tell its story,
Tell it now in tears of blood.

Swiftly through the destined city
Rode a nameless "Paul Revere,"
Sounding forth the awful warning,
"To the hills! the flood is near!"
On he sped, the hero's mission,
Fellow-being's lives to save;
But the onward, bounding billows
Spared not e'en the true and brave.

Death, the cruel King of Terrors,
Soon outrode the "gallant gray,"
And beneath the foaming ocean
Horse and rider passed away—

Passed away with countless thousands,
Silvered hair of helpless age,
Life's sweet prime and youth's bright glory,
Bowed beneath the water's rage.

Low and lofty sank together;
Cot and mansion mingling fell;
Rich and poor their prayers united,
As the waves around them swell.
Friend and foe went down together,
Breathing pardon 'neath the tide,
While the "still small voice" repeated
How the Friend of sinners died.

Lips that long to prayer were strangers
Cried to Him with every breath;
But the voice was stilled forever,
In the silent hush of death.
Mothers held their tender infants
High above the cruel wave,
But beneath its troubled bosom
Loved and loving found a grave.

One who had, in life's fair morning,
Early sought the Christian's goal,
Sang above the troubled tempest
"Jesus Lover of my Soul."

Bade her comrades in misfortune,
Wafting toward eternity,
"Trust in Him who stilled the waters
On the Sea of Galilee."

Ne'er upon the field of battle
Has mankind's unconscious power
Rose to higher heights of glory
Than those heroes of that hour.
Brothers died to save a brother,
Filling life's diviner law;
And a crown awaits the martyrs
Of that night in Conemaugh.

Morning dawned upon the mountain,
Glared upon the scene below.
O! how soon the transformation
From a vale of peace to woe!
Swift and sure the bolt descended;
Wreck and ruin reigned supreme—
Could the heart of desolation
Wake to find it but a dream!

Friend sought friend in wordless anguish;
Wept o'er piteous forms around;
But *their own* were lost forever
On that endless burial ground.

Every sound a wail of sadness,
  Every breeze a funeral knell.
Still the voice of Faith repeated,
  " That " He doeth all things well."

Naught but Time can heal the sorrow;—
  Time, whose waves will onward bear,
Those whose hopes went out forever
  With the loved that perished there,
Wafts them to the Shores Eternal,
  Where the City of the Blest,
Builded on the Rock of Ages,
  Shall receive them into rest.

Johnstown WAS;—O! dreadful sequel!
  Poets' pens can never find
Words to tell the awful story
  To the children of mankind.
Do we heed the solemn warning
  As we sit secure at home?
Do we hear the voice from heaven,
  " Flee ye from the wrath to come?"

Fate.

HOW dost thou hold our destiny,
O! stern, relentless Fate!
How must we yield to thy decree
And at thy bidding wait!

Within thy cruel, tyrant hand
Thou hold'st a sceptered sway,
And men must yield to thy command,
And all thy laws obey.

How quickly thou dost turn to naught
Our life's most cherished joys!
And scorn the precious boon we sought,
And inward peace destroys.

How dost thou seek for vain delight
Our hopes to level low;
Our fond anticipations blight
And fill the cup of woe.

Some day thy cruel, cold decrees
We'll read with clearer sight,
And know thou'st shaped our destiny
In pathways of the right.

And when we from thy trials turn
To seek an endless quest,
'Tis then we'll learn the lesson stern
"Whatever is best."

The Bridge.

"I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,"
The "Grand Old Poet" sung,
And down through all the ages
The chorus still has rung.

Before the "Bridge of Lodi"
Was by Napoleon crossed,
Or the "Bridge of Sighs" re-echoed
With wailings of the lost,

Or the deed of "Brave Horatius"
Was penned in lines of gold,
The bridge, in song and story,
Has been by poets told.

I sit beside the window
When twilight shadows fall,
And evening's solemn stillness
Steals gently over all,

And I see below the city
A river, great and wide,
Where the sunset's crimson glory
In golden grandeur died.

And above its sweeping current,
From shore to shore, is spanned
A bridge, whose mighty structure
Is wondrous, great and grand.

A state with state uniting,
Among the Union's best;
A city linked with city—
Bright jewels of the West.

And o'er its seaward current
That rolls so swift away,
A human sea is rolling
Across the bridge each day.

And I think, when day is ended
And all its cares are o'er,
We're nearer a Wonderful River
Than ever we were before.

A River, whose wondrous waters
  Is bridged by Faith alone,
And over its deep, dark current
  We pass to the Great Unknown.

And when Life's day is ended,
  And we must meet the tide,
Will our Bridge of Faith be strong to bear
  Us safe to "Canaan's" side?

The Prisoner's Exchange.

WITHIN a Southern prison pen,
'Mid scenes of dark despair,
Full thirty thousand Union men
Were starving, dying there.
Yes, dying for the cause they loved!
The Flag their father's gave;
Baptized anew on fields of blood,
Its sacred folds to save.

They long had hoped, they long had prayed,
Their hearts by faith instilled,
That soon the promise of "*exchange*"
Might be to them—fulfilled;
But bitter pain of "hope deferred"
Was seen in minds deranged,
For Reason could not stay her powers,
Nor wait to be—exchanged.

Among those gaunt and wasted forms
Was one with pallid brow,
Who lay upon his couch of straw
Where none could shield him now.
A comrade held his icy hand,
Bent low his words to hear,
And dropped upon the faded cheek
A comrade's, soldier's tear,

A binding tie; their soldier life
They'd shared in camp and field;
They'd shared a captive's couch of straw—
Such ties are slow to yield.
But War sits proudly on the throne
Within the court of Death;
The King of Terrors claims his own
With every fleeting breath.

"O Robert! it is hard to die,
A prisoned captive here,
Away from all we love on earth,
Away from friends so dear!
Why should this hour o'ertake me here?
From home and love estranged!
My ceaseless prayer has been to be
Among the glad—*exchanged.*

"To die at home! How sweet the thought!
But that can never be;
The home I love so well on earth
Mine eyes shall never see.
I know that in this solemn hour
My God is just as near;
But, oh! it's often seemed to me
That HEAVEN is far from HERE.

"I know I never more shall see
My cherished ones again,
But should you 'scape this thralldom dread
That breaks the hearts of men,
Oh, bear a message home to one
My heart has loved the best;
But do not tell her how nor where
They laid me down to rest.

"Among New England's peaceful hills,
So many miles away;
There waits for me a woman fair—
My bride for one brief day.
'Our country calls,' she sadly said,
'I cannot answer No!'
With many a blessing, many a kiss,
She wept and bid me 'Go.'

"Oh! tell her not to grieve for me,
For what He wills is best;
We'll know, and feel, and understand,
In His eternal rest.
And though my heart is home with her,
I do not fear to die;
I'll wait for her on yonder shore,
And until then—Good-bye."

The comrade heard the message sad,
And closed the weary eyes
That saw the Southern prison pen
"Exchanged"—for Paradise.
Round many a home's bright altar fires
The light of love did burn,
And thousands wait, with prayerful hearts,
The soldier's glad return.

Yes, waited long and waited well,
'Mid tears and prayers and pain;
Aye! waited with a faith sublime,
Yet doomed to wait—in vain!
For there's a spot in Georgia's soil
We seek with tear-dimmed eyes,
And know there sleeps in graves "unknown"
A nation's sacrifice.

No monument of granite marks
The place those heroes sleep,
But One with ever watchful Eye
His silent vigils keep.
And though no friend may find their graves,
Or rear to them a stone,
The sacred mounds in stranger soil
Are not to Him—"unknown."

Destiny.

IN a shady lane far, far away,
Where scarlet maples grow,
A man and maid together walked,
In evenings long ago.
In him she saw her lord and king,
Her lover kind and true;
While in her faithful, trusting heart
His heart's fond queen he knew.

Each pledged to each a faith sublime,
In youth's expectant bliss,
Each vowed to each a deathless love,
And sealed it with a kiss.
He carved his name upon the tree,
And carved her own below;
But time has healed the lover's scar
They made long years ago.

Cold Pride has sown discordant seeds
Where love in fondness smiled;
And where affection's roses bloomed,
The thorns of Hate grow wild.

Mistaken wrongs have severed wide
The path they'd thought to share,
While hopes they built 'neath maple boughs
"Were castles in the air."

She steels her heart to manhood's wiles.
She calls them heartless, vain,
Yet clings to missives worn and old
With trust akin to pain,
While he in distant regions sought
Remembrance to defy,
Yet dreams full oft of shady lanes,
With many a deep-heaved sigh.

O! Destiny! how many a hope
Thy sterner laws have slain!
We blindly follow on and on,
Till fondest hopes are vain.
We cannot stay thy powerful hand,
Nor fortune's lot foresee;
We garner, each, our good and ill
And call it Destiny!

Passing Away.

PASSING away! yes, passing away!
How swift is the passport from bloom to decay!
How true is the lesson we daily descry,
That all that is earthly is born but to die.

Born but to die! We peruse the decree
On mountain and meadow, on flower and tree,
While Autumn's sad wailings seems chanting the lay,
"Ye are passing away, ye are passing away."

The blossoms of Spring-time that waved in the breeze,
The leaflets that sheltered the towering trees,
The flowers that bloomed in the woodland's fair shade,
The grass that sprung upward with arrow-like blade,

The daisies that peeped from obscurity's nook,
The lilies that leaned to the whispering brook,
The ivy that clambered o'er mansion and cot,
The roses with fragrance abundantly fraught,—

Aye! where are they now in their beauty untold!
The flamingly crimson, the green and the gold?
All heaped in the vale in a funeral pyre,
While Heaven bedews them with sympathy's tear.

They lift their dull stare to the pitying sky,
Where the storm clouds of winter roll pensively by,
And the winds chant their requiem day after day,
"Ye are passing away, ye are passing away."

Yes, passing away. The lesson we read,
Then quickly press onward, and shrink to take heed
That Time's fleeting moments are wafting away
The years that will number our life's little day.

Yes, passing away from the toil and the strife,
Away from the ranks in the battle of life;
For e'en like the flowers that fade 'neath the rime
We fall by the death-telling arrows of Time.

The infant, whose spirit to Heaven had fled;
The sad-hearted mother, who watched by its bed;
The maiden, whose love was the light of the home;
The aged, who had waited the summons to "come;"

All these have relinquished the woes that oppressed
And sweetly repose in their dwellings of rest,
Unheeding the world's solemn funeral knell,
" Ye are passing away—farewell, farewell! "

Through Spring's sunny welcome and Summer's
bright glow,
We join in the slow-moving journey below;
Alike in the Autumn, and Winter's chill gloom,
We're making our pilgrimage down to the tomb.

Down to the tomb; so the races of men
Are gathering home to their father's again.
Surely and silently, one by one,
We fall from the ranks and our journey is done.

The flowers will hearken when spring-time is near,
The birds sing as sweetly, but we will not hear;
The myrtle its chaplets will twine o'er our clay,
Bright emblems of life that will pass not away.

And there, undisturbed by life's blame or its praise,
We'll sweetly repose 'till the Day of all days,
While the world will press onward the same as to-
day,
'Till Time for Eternity passes away.

The Uninvited Guest.

[Death of Secretary Windom, who dropped dead at a banquet in New York City.]

GAY shone the brilliant banquet hall—
A scene surpassing fair;—
The feast was set, the draught was poured,
The summoned guests were there.

The Nation's hope, the Nation's head,
The noblest in the land,
Were gathered round that festal board,—
A nation's royal band.

The voice of mirth, the sound of joy,
With friendship's chain entwined,
And Pleasure's cup went round the board
Where brightest manhood dined.

But all unseen, and unannounced,
A guest, unsummoned came,
And sat amid that splendid throng
Of honor, wealth and fame.

Unheard, he read Death's stern decree;
Unheard by all,—save one,
Who knew, and felt, and understood,
That life's brief day was done.

And he who late, with voiceful power,
The listening throng had thrilled,
Now lay with folded hands above
A heart forever stilled.

And faces pale with grief and pain,
With mingled awe and dread,
Looked each to each with answering eyes
And whispered, "He is dead!"

While they who came with lightsome hearts,
Where Pleasure held her reign,
Went out with hushed and solemn tread,
Enthralled in sorrow's chain.

Deserted was the banquet hall;
Its mirth was changed to gloom;
Its splendor, late with joy replete,
Was silent as the tomb.

How deep in solemn undertones
A voice of warning saith,
In banquet halls, and cottage walls,
"How wonderful is Death!"

Life.

WHAT art thou, Life! that I should cling
So fondly to so frail a thing?
I come to thee? No! say not so!
Thou comest to me, unsought; and lo!
When once obtained, so sweet thou art
That thou and I are loth to part.

From whence thou comest I cannot tell;
I only know I love thee well;
And loving thee, I fain would cling
To thee; O! strange, mysterious thing!
I count thy joys, thy woes repeat,
And murmur still that "Life is sweet."

Thou bringest to me stern toil and pain,
And hope and love and worldly gain;
Thou bringest me woes o'er which to weep;
Thou bringest me joys, for words too deep;
Thou bringest me peace,—all griefs beguiled,
To leave my spirit—reconciled.

Then, what art thou? And what am I,
When thou from out this cage shalt fly?
Unseen, to take thy trackless way
And leave to me, but common clay.
But common clay,—too worthless then
To share the humblest haunts of men.

Then I, with kings and low of birth,
Will seek my old companion—earth,
And know full well no clod shall lie
More dull and worthless, then, than I;
No heart more chilled to blame or praise
Some feeble, worldly voice may raise.

And may I hope, some future day,
Thou'lt come to me and softly say,
"Awake! O silent slumberer! Rise!
Thy home's 'prepared' in brighter skies!"
And will we dwell where spirits shine,
Together blest, sweet Life of mine?

The City on the Hills.

BRIGHT shines the moon, O city fair!
Thy mansioned hills above,
While all the world sleeps calmly 'neath
The brooding wings of Love.

Low at thy feet the river rolls
In majesty sublime,
Forever gliding seaward on
Through centuries of Time.

Thy lights, fantastic o'er the wave,
Illume its peaceful breast,
While murmured wash of ceaseless tide
Lulls Nature's force to rest.

A starry splendor decks the sky,
And silent sentries keep
Their nightly vigils o'er thee, while
Thy wearied children sleep.

We heard the island curfew's boom
Proclaim the set of sun,
And many a weary home-bound host
Was glad that day was done.

Again is hushed the business mart,
And stilled the ceaseless beat
Of hurrying footsteps, to and fro,
On many a noble street.

Upon thy many mansioned hills,
And on the bridge below,
Thy myriad lights like glories shine,
Or stars of transient glow.

And gayly shines thy window fires
'Mid wealth and pleasure's flow,
While feebly burns the stinted blaze
In the cottage just below.

Up through the sable plumes of night
Full many a dome and spire
Their darkened fingers heavenward point
To lift ambitions higher.

And Learning's temples proudly lift
Their massive columns high,—
A parapet that Wisdom sets,
Her sterner foes to try.

'Tis not thine architectural grace
Alone that makes thee fair,
But 'tis the hills that God upreared
That man might plant thee there.

Though man may build in columns strong,
They crumble to decay;
But the hills, the wondrous hills, will stand
Till earth shall pass away!

And the river, with its gathered force
From valley, glade, and glen,
Seems mocking, in its endless course,
"The fading race of men."

The Silver Milestone.

[The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the E. L. Sabbath-school, organized by Mrs. Bowman, Zanesville, Ohio.]

IN a quiet litle city,
By Muskingum's peaceful strand,
A little seed was planted
By a woman's loving hand.
'Twas in the bleak December,
'Mid chilling frosts and snow,
But woman's faith is firm and deep,
And she believed 'twould grow.

God watched the seed so tiny,
With His all-seeing eye,
And nurtured it with tenderest love,
To bear fruit by and by.
It grew and grew in stature,
And broad circumference round,
And hundreds sought its welcome shade,
From the wayside heat profound.

Not like the barren fig tree,
That chance had given root,
Its boughs were ever bending
And sweet indeed the fruit.

And not alone the children
Were wont its joys to share,
But men and women, grave and gay,
Found richest blessings there.

And now to-day we celebrate
The planting of that seed;
For five and twenty years have passed
On time's relentless speed
Since that December morning,
When through the frost and snow,
A sower with life's precious seed,
Went forth in faith to sow.

'Twas "sown in weakness;" now behold!
We see it "raised in power,"
And day by day still gathers strength,
Meet for the future hour.
And here within the shadows
Of the tree, our Sabbath-school,
We come to learn the way of life
By God's great Golden Rule.

As generations past have come,
And those that still shall rise,
To journey from these earthly walls,
To "mansions in the skies."

The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
Found here the peace they sought;
For not in silver, not in gold,
Is life's best blessings wrought.

She who upon that winter morn
Went forth in faith to sow,
Knew not to what proportions vast,
Her efforts weak, would grow—
Knew not how many precious souls
A refuge here should find,
And learn to walk life's "narrow way,"
To righteous deeds inclined.

O! woman, though thy hand be weak
And many a snare be nigh,
Withhold it not! but sow good seed;
'Twill bear fruit by and by.
If thou canst aid the Master's cause
By one small act of thine,
Defer it not, and thine shall be
A blessing rich, divine,
And when thou layest forever down
Thy sickle keen to rest
The world will reap what thou hast sown,
And "rise to call thee blest."

Her Last Song.

IT was midnight on Maryland's mountain ;
The day had died out in the west,
And Nature, all worn and exhausted,
Sank low on earth's bosom to rest.
Dark frowned the gray peaks 'gainst the heavens,
Upiifting their gaze to the sky;
And the stars kept their vigils above them,
While the night winds moaned solemnly by.

On the brow of the mount stood a cabin,
Outlined 'gainst the dome overhead;
And the wind's solemn wail through the shingles
Seemed a sorrowful dirge for the dead.
Within, on a couch—O ! so humble—
Little else but a pallet of straw,
Lay a woman with features all faded,
And shadowed by death's solemn awe.

A woman who'd reigned—Queen of Beauty;
A voice that had reigned—Queen of Song;
Now she lay all alone and forsaken,
Away from life's hurrying throng.

Alone, save two humble attendants,
A rude moutaineer and his wife,
Who watched with a tender emotion
That feeble, fluttering life.

A life, once with honors o'erflowing;
Two continents knelt at her feet;
She lived and she labored for homage;
For the plaudits of nations was sweet.
Crowned heads, that had governed the mighty,
To beauty and talent did bow;
But the lowly ones lingered beside her,
To wipe the death-damp from her brow.

But the beauty men idolized faded;
The voice that had charmed with its song,
Went faltering now through the measures,
While singing life's pathway along.
And the world that had known but to honor,
When friends and prosperity smiled,
Received not again to its hearthstone
The woman that world had beguiled.

And there as she lay—O! so friendless!
The dawn of the Christmas day near,
Sweet thonghts of the Bethlehem stranger
Came back from a long vanished year.

A sound broke the sorrowful silence;
A voice full of pleasure and pain;
And up from the cabin was wafted
That beautiful Christmas strain.

"Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the sky!
Lo, the angelic host rejoices
Heavenly hallelujah's rise!"
But the voice joined the chorus angelic.
And earth-ears could hear not the throng,
For the soul of the beautiful singer
Went out with the beautiful song.

As they laid her to rest on the mountain,
None sang a low dirge for the dead;
None came with a flowery pillow,
Nor a tear of regretfulness shed.
Of the songs she had sung to the living,
None followed her spirit away
To the land where the flowers ne'er wither,
And the night ne'er encumbers the day.

O! what if her life was not blameless!
And what if ambition was sweet!
Christ pardoned the penitent sinner,
Who pleaded for grace at his feet.

Sleep on then, O beautiful singer!
Sleep on in thy grave on the hill,
Though the spot be forsaken, neglected,
And the voice of thy music be still.

Some day a lone wanderer will seek thee,
Will seek thee from over the sea;
Some one that thy song has made better
Will gather a garland for thee.
And the world will pause idly to wonder,
As it passes thine ashes above,
Who brought thee the Oiive of Pardon,
Entwined with the Lily of Love.

You or I.

WHEN fair October's chilling winds
Blew o'er the Autumn sky,
We trod a city's silent walks
Together, you and I.

Green were the fields, and fair the flowers,
Where'er our pathway led,
And hushed were myriad voices, in
That City of the Dead.

No iron hoof, or chariot wheel,
The grass-grown street e'er pressed—
No echoes of life's busy mart
Disturbed their place of rest.

In silence comes the stranger guest,
In silent tears the friend,
To lay sweet offerings on the grave
Where all life's longings end.

Life's gentle ministries all are o'er,
And sweet remembrance takes
Its form in flowers and marble shafts,—
Love's offering for love's sake.

The mother crowns the little mound,
That holds her heart's deep love,
With lilies fair, bright emblems of
That purer life above.

To age, she brings the ripened sheaf;
For harvest time is past.
The work is done; from weary toil
The pilgrim rests at last.

So sweet they sleep beneath the sod,
So calm they silent lie,—
This countless host we stand above
Together, you and I.

Oh! marvel not the grass is green!
For down through endless years
The grief that's born of broken hearts
Hath nourished it with tears.

Dost make thee sad, my gentle friend?
That you and I, one day,
Must sleep as long and dreamlessly,
And lie as low as they?

And when the summons comes to join
The hosts beyond the sky,
Who ll stand alone upon life's shore?
Will it be you or I?

Will wrongs unpardoned meet us there?
While hopelessly we cry,
"Forgive me!"—when we cannot bear?
Will it be you or I?

Oh! may we in the years to be
Forsake and shun the wrong!
Have strength of heart, when trials come
To suffer and be strong.

And when at last a voice shall call,
And one must make reply,
We may not ask, "Which shall it be?"
May it be—You and I.

The Dying Slave.

[Written after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" suggested by the tragic death of "Uncle Tom."

YOU say you've bought my freedom, friend,
But ah! you've come too late!
My soul is speeding swiftly on
Toward the shining gate.
And One has paid a higher price
Than you can pay for me,
And now I'm going home to Him,
Whose children all are free.

I'm going home to Him whose love,
Through years of toil and pain,
Has led my wounded spirit on
This victory to gain.
Nay, do not weep, my youthful friend,
'Tis not for such as I
To cause a grief to fill your heart
Or tear to dim your eye.

Grieve not, I've heard the glad decree ;
My Savior's voice has called ;
I hear the messenger of Death,
And hear it unappalled.
For life has lost its brightest ray—
Has had no charm for me
Since I was forced to leave my home
In far-off Tennessee.

How plainly now I see it all ;
The welcome, open door,
Where ivy twined its tendrils green
Our humble cottage o'er ;
Where little ones at eventide
Would from its threshold run
To greet their weary home-bound host,
Whose long day's work was done.

With grateful hearts together, we,
My faithful wife and I,
Would sing the twilight hours away
Beneath a summer sky ;
And when the silent stars came out,
In gratitude would we
Give thanks to Him who'd blessed our home
In dear old Tennessee.

But oh! the fatal morning came!
No more the voice of song
Would join with me in notes of love
To cheer life's path along.
The sun was rising on the hills,
Was turning gray to gold,
When, like a shock, the message came—
They told me I WAS SOLD.

I bade my loved ones all farewell,
I bade my home good-bye—
The home where I had lived and loved,
And where I hoped to die.
Since then I've walked in burning sands;
The planter's wine-press trod;
With naught of love to cheer my life,
Except the love of God.

But Faith had anchored firm her hold
On that Eternal Rock,
And helped my broken heart to bear
That parting's bitter shock.
O! could I see my own again!
This hour would know no care,
But tell my wife and children three
To meet me over there.

And there we'll sing His praise divine
Around the Heavenly Throne,
And none shall know a parting there,
But all shall claim THEIR OWN,
And ours shall be Eternal Rest
In mansions in the sky;
And Christ shall wipe all tears away
From every weeping eye.

Poor master killed this body old,
But could not scar my soul;
And soon 'twill wing its joyous flight
From mortal man's control;
To be with Him who loved me long,
Whose bleeding form I see,
Who died for my trangressions great
On far off Calvary.

And may His dying prayer be mine,
Who dies with friends so few—
"O! Father, Thou forgive their crime,
They know not what they do."
But hark! I hear the angels come!
Their glory fills the sky;
O! bear my parting message home,
And say for me "Good-bye!"

Only a Beggar.

ONLY a beggar, forlorn and forsaken—
O! for his story of want and of woe!
Age has the steps of the pilgrim o'ertaken,
Still he must wander the earth to and fro;
Cold is the heart that would scorn to awaken,
E'en but his story of sorrow to know.

Feeble the voice that for succor is pleading;
Palsied the hand that is reaching for aid;
Stony the road o'er which time has been leading,
Deep on his brow doth its footprints invade,
Yet cold is the world that is passing unheeding,
Despite the assurance that "alms are repaid."

Sad is the figure so quietly kneeling,
Telling his woes to the Father on high;
Hot are the tears that are silently stealing
Down from the weary and time-dimmed eye;
Broken the heart that is mournfully pealing
Funeral knells of the years gone by.

Years that were bright with the hope of life's morning—
Bright with the hopes that have faded and fled;
E'en like the blossoms the altar adorning,

Bloomed for the maiden he proudly had wed;
Aye! but the flowers gave sorrowful warning—
She, like the blossoms, is faded and dead.

Blighted his hopes—aye! the joy of existence
Wakes no response in his sorrowful breast;
Never a brother to offer assistance,
Nor child to honor and call him blest;
Would that the angel away in the distance
Might hasten its errand to whisper, "Rest."

A "Home of the Friendless" is standing just yonder,
Even in sight on the brow of the hills—
O! for the strength to its threshold to wander,
E'en but to drink from sweet Charity's still.
"Only a beggar," the passers-by ponder,
Banishing even a pitying thrill.

Ye lords of creation, so blest with earth's treasure,
Yours is the joy and the bliss of to-day.
Beware! lest the morrow deprive you of pleasure
And leave you "a beggar" on the King's High-way!
His mansions of rest are not bought with your treasure,
Take heed lest the Master shall turn you away.

The Old Elm Tree.

FAR down in the valley where green waters glide,
And meadows are kissed by the murmuring tide,
An Elm Tree stands in the statliest pride,
The monarch of all that surrounds.
The King of the Forest, it lifts its tall head,
High over the meadows and watery bed,
Thus watching the pageant of centuries fled,
In silence sublime and profound.

Once forests unbounded had covered the plain,
And Nature was queen of her grand domain.
There was none to object to Her Majesty's reign,
Save savages, lawless and low.
Here the blaze of the wigwam, with heaven-reared light,
Welcomed the wandering warrior at night,
Laden with trophies of fiendish delight
Of friendly invader, or foe.

Here Nature had spread, with a bounteous hand,
The sumptuous wealth that was hers to command;
But the poor "child of nature" who dwelt in the land
Cared not for the wealth it possessed.

His love was the "hunting ground," lonely and
deep,
No harvest but that of a hunter he'd reap,
But the "pale-faced invader" has caused him to
weep,
For the land that his presence oppressed.

For the ax of the woodman rang out in the vale,
And startled the dweller on hill-top and dale;
'Twas useless endeavor their foes to assail,
For valor and wisdom were true;
So they sought a new home in the distance again,
Away from the customs of civilized men—
Away to the Rockies, whose mountainous glen
Protected their wandering few.

And the pioneer woodman who'd sought an abode,
In the wilderness vast, o'er a treacherous road,
Their prowess had proved; and in majesty strode
O'er the land that to claim was to own.
And before the strong arm of the hardy and bold,
The forest swept by "as a tale that is told."
Still the Elm Tree stands like a monarch of old,
A relict of centuries gone.

For the pioneer woodman had cherished the tree,
And spared its tall form for the ages to be,
A guide that the wandering traveler might see
And know to what place he had come.
Here the feeble old pilgrim had sat in the shade,
And counted the cost that life's journey had made,
And found that his debt to the world was repaid,
And to *wait* for a permanent home.

Thus men, like the forests, are passing away,
Succumbed to a Ruler more mighty than they,
And fall like the woodlands that shrink to decay
Before the rude pioneer's arm.
Here sounded the voice of the children at play,
The funeral knell and the wedding march gay,
And the old tree is watching the pageant each day,
That passes before its tall form.

The sun on the hill-top with lengthening beam,
Falls like a halo—an artist's bright dream,
And shades the fair meadows and silvery stream,
As it rolls over its pathway of stone.
But stand by the elm at closing of day,
And watch where the shadows of eventide play;
They fall o'er a village just over the way—
A village deserted and lone.

For there in the meadows a mining town stands,
Built by the industry progress commands ;
But Nature refused to supply the demands,
And none could dispute her decree.
And the lone little village is empty and cold,
And stands like a monument, dauntless and bold,
To those who had sought but had found not the gold,
In the shade of the old Elm Tree.

A Lesson From the Skies.

ALL day, from the clouds in the wintry sky,
The snowflakes silently fell,
Tremblingly, noiselessly, down from on high,
Hastening on as the winds moaned by;
Though naught but an idle watcher, I
Their humble story would tell.

Busily toiling from morn till night,
Quietly filling a humble place;
Weaving a garment, so pure, and so white,
Clothing the hills with a vesture light,
Crowning the forests with emeralds bright,
That the sunbeams will soon erase.

But down by the river that runs to the sea,
With its foamy, billowy tide,
The beautiful river! ah me! ah me!
Never a flake on its breast did we see,
As onward it hastened in wonderful glee,
To blend with the ocean so wide.

Like the snowflakes we fall in the River of Time,
And we scarce stir a wave on its breast;
While the places that knew us in earth's sweet clime,
Will tell not our story in prose nor in rhyme,
As we sleep in the silence so deep and sublime,
Away in our dwellings of rest.

Are we missed 'mong the pilgrims on life's highway?
Ah! the hurrying world never sees!
Though to-day we may walk 'mid the grave and the gay,
While to-morrow we fall 'neath the heat of the day,
And some one will pause for a moment and say,
"O! Life and Death! what mysteries!"

The Pathway to the Tomb.

COME walk with me this Easter morn!
Bring spice and sweet perfume!
We'll take with slow and solemn step
The pathway to the tomb.
The borrowed tomb, where loving hands
Have laid His form to rest—
He who has paid salvation's price
And made existence blest.

What awful price? The bloody sweat,
The prayer, the agony,
Must not their echoes linger yet
In dark Gethsemane?
The planted cross on Calvary's hill,
The crown with many a thorn,
The wounded hands, the wounded side,
For us in meekness born.

Bring flowers and twine a chaplet fair
To crown the tortured brow;
Let love's sweet offerings clothe the form
So free from anguish now.
But what is here? an empty tomb.
Must tyrants e'en molest
The silent grave wherein we thought
To lay Him down to rest?

What see we in the dark abode?
A garment folded there—
A garment such as you and I
In death's embrace shall wear.
But lo! an angel fair and bright
His heavenly vigils keep,
The hallowed tomb, a sacred spot,
Made sacred by His sleep.

"Why weepest thou here?" a calm voice saith,
Who is it draweth near?
The gardener? who with skillful hands
Grows sweetest lilies here?
Not so! 'tis Him! our risen Lord!
'Tis Him, alive! not dead!
Behold the wounded hands and side,
Behold, the thorn-pierced head!

No more for us the sting of death,
Nor terrors of the tomb;
'Twere sweet to rest where Jesus slept—
O! scorn to call it gloom!
In vain the watchmen, vigils kept
His prisoned form above;
In vain the stone, in vain the seal,
But not in vain—His love.

Why He Gave.

"WHY did I give to the beggar child," you ask, my friend, of me?
"The city is full of Arabs wild—impostors such as he."
"It may be so, but he's welcome, friend, I grudge him not the mite;
There seemed to me in the earnest gaze a gleam of truthful light.

"Why did I give?" "I'll tell you why! In a city far away
I walked one night when the winds blew shrill and the clouds hung cold and gray.
The Child of Fortune felt not the storm, around his fireside fair,
But Poverty's urchin was thinly clad, and his long, thin hands were bare.

He pulled my sleeve with a gentle touch, in pleading accents said,
'Please, mister, give me just a dime; I'm starving for some bread.'
'Go off!' I said, 'the same old tale, oft told, but never true!
Go tell your woes to other ears; I have no dimes for you.'

The harrowing cares of business life had made me
cold and vain.
I scorned the humble, childish plea, nor cared to
give him pain.
I dined that night at sumptuous boards; I slept
'neath blankets warm,
Nor spared a thought to one I'd left to perish in
the storm.

I rose next morn at peep of dawn to walk the
courts below.
The sunlight gleamed like jewels bright across the
drifted snow.
Before me stood a curious crowd around a helpless
heap.
A little tattered "newsboy" lay, in death's unend-
ing sleep.

Deep horror chilled my very soul! and would not
soon depart.
The face I knew brought many a pang to many a
harder heart.
You've heard my tale! That's why I gave. Dost
still reproach, my friend?
I seek by healing other's woes forgiveness in the
end.

True Happiness.

'TIS not in your treasures of silver and gold,
And not in the lofty positions you hold,
And not in the doubtful opinions of men,
That change with life's current again and again,
But 'tis in the circle where true love abides,
And woman's fond guidance in wisdom presides.

Woman's Rest.

IS there never a place in this world of ours,
With its towering forests and shadowy bowers,
Where a woman can sit for a few short hours,
And rest with a care-free mien?
She is up in the morning at dawn of day;
No duty before her can she delay,
And brain and fingers are working away
When darkness ends the scene.

The stars shine out in the firmament bright,
Still she's working away by the lamp's red light,
And when work is folded away for the night,
Too tired, alas! to rest.

Day after day the busy routine
Of a woman's daily life is seen,
Still she follows her calling with peaceful mien,
And tries to think "it is best."

She is smoothing the path another may tread,
Watching beside a sick one's bed,
Bathing the feverish lips and head,
And following duty true,
Striving the weary hours to beguile
With her kindest word and her fondest smile,
Hiding her own sad heart the while
From a world's observing view.

But if earthly crosses she cannot bear,
No heavenly crown will be her's to wear;
And because she is seeking a heritage There,
She does not murmur at Fate.
Still she is hoping and praying to see
A happier day in the "yet to be,"
When from care and sorrow her heart will be free,
And Hope still bids her—wait.

Her humble petitions are heard on high,
And He, who "heareth the raven's cry,"
Will answer her prayers by and by
When the Father's time has come.

Swiftly flit by her life's short years,
And the Eye of pity has silenced her fears,—
Now over her form shed penitent tears,
For God has called her home.

White hands folded upon her breast,
Sleeping the sleep of the good and blest;—
In the peaceful grave she has found her rest,
And woman is free from care.
Her earthly pilgrimage now is run;
The battle is fought, the victory won;
The Savior has greeted her with, "Well done!"
In the beautiful home up There.

Her spirit has crossed to the Golden Shore;
She has laid down the burdensome cross she bore
And care and sorrow are her's no more,
And a mansion to her is given.
And instead of the cross she has now cast down,
Which she bore in patience with never a frown,
She is wearing the victor's jeweled crown,
And her soul finds *rest* in Heaven.

The Hero of the Reformation.

CHILL blew the keen November winds
Across Hartz mountains bold,
And sighed in dismal tones around
Hans Luther's cottage old.
But all within was peace and joy;
The clouds, they laughed to scorn;
Their little world of home was bright
Because—"a son was born."

Earth greeted him in humble spheres;
No starry folds unfurled
To welcome him—the "man of God,"
Whose power should shake the world.
Long, long above his native hills
There hung a cloud so dense,
So dark with sin;—yet sailing 'neath
Religion's vain pretense.

Still Heaven deferred the hour to rend
Earth's proud monastic dome,
'Till Europe's peaceful vales grew dark
Through countless years of Rome.

Dark years, wherein the right to sin,
To wreak in crimes untold,
Was meted out by priestly power,
Through priestly love of gold.

Deep dyed indeed his crimes must be
To mock-religious eyes,
Who could not pave, with gold, his way
To "mansions in the skies."
Man's Star of Hope, that once had shone
So fair in Judah's King,
Seemed hidden now; the Faith He taught
A mocked and slighted thing,

'Till, pouring o'er the sacred page,
A pious student read,
"The just shall live by faith" alone,
And not by works, it said.
A new light 'round his pathway shone
A brighter hope to give;—
Still spoke the voice, in thunder-tones,
"The just by faith shall live."

He preached that faith in kingly courts;
He faced the kingly fire
Of Europe's gathered heads, and felt
The force of kingly ire.

He saw the burning stake blaze high,
His body to receive,
And knew no fear, for God's right hand
Wrote out his sure reprieve.

'Mid hosts of foes he pressed still on
In pathways Christ had trod,
And built for us a refuge strong,—
"The Fortress of our God."
Through all the earth his light still shines,
A wondrous meteor bright,
To guide our faltering footsteps on
In pathways of the Right.

The Feathered Prisoner.

[Roseville Camp Ground.]

O! THOU, our country's Glorious Bird!
Grand emblem of the free,
Why art thou kept a captive here?
Denied thy liberty.
What fate has plumed thy wings for flight,
From out thy mountain home,
And lured thine eager pinions on,
In fatal fields to roam?

Thou'rt caged within a bending oak,
Where "God's First Temples" rise—
The towering monuments of Time
That kiss the summer skies.
O! glorious skies! where thou wast wont
To sail its endless sea,
Thine eye still keeping guard above
Thy Land of Liberty.

Thou led'st the Pligrim's dauntless band
O'er waters broad and deep,
And while within the forest dark
Thy vigils still didst keep.

Thy cry has joined their song of praise,
When burst the chastening rod,
For here they found what ne'er was theirs—
"Freedom to worship God."

Thou'st guarded well that "hardy few,"
That sought thy woodland home;
Thou hast seen the forest yield its place
To the temple's towering dome;
Thou heard'st the traitor's footstep grind
Upon the sea-girt coast;
Thou heard'st the bugle's stirring blast,
That led the marching host.

But high above the war-like sound
Thy warning cry was heard,
While answering hills and dales resound
By Freedom's anthem stirred.
Thou'st seen thy feeble nation rise
To cope with foes of might;
Thou'st seen their royal ranks subdued
By the God-lent strength of Right.

Thou wert sailing on through stormy skies
When battles raged below,
While Freedom's Flag rose proudly high
To traitors overthrow.

'Twas then thy cry joined clear and shrill,
The triumph of the free,
And the warrior named thy spirit bold,
Our Type of Liberty.

Thou seest that "bold and hardy few,"
A Nation unsurpassed;
And now within a captive cell
Thy doom is sealed at last.
Again the trampling hosts go by,
Though not with martial tread,
For here within God's temples green
His Gospel feast is spread.

Thou hearest His servants calling "Come!"
To "whosoever will,"
The Fountain of Redeeming Love
Is flowing freely still;
And thousands gather here to taste
The bliss His love can give,
And throng the sacred temple rouud,
"To eat, and drink, and live."

Thou heardst their songs seraphic roll,
In triumph to the sky,
While angels join the glad refrain
Around the Courts on High.

Thou hearest the penitential prayer
For pardon plead; still thou
Must to the fetters of mankind
In meek submission bow.

The breezes stroke thy ruffled plumes,
By tender pity stirred,
While idle watchers smile and say,
"Our Country's Glorious Bird!"
All Nature sings around thy cell
The song of Liberty;
Still thou must pine a captive here,
O! Emblem of the Free!

Faith.

IT is only to trust in a Power unseen—
Unseen yet ever near;
Whose light is the life of every soul,
Whom all things love and fear.

It is only to hope when the sky looks dark
And the storms of life seem wild,
That He who builded this fragile barque
Will still protect His child.

It is only to pray when trials come,
And doubtings o'er us steal,
And ask a balm for the wounded heart;
For "He who wounds will heal."

It is only to ask for wisdom and strength
To fill our mission best;
It is only to do the little we can,
And He will do the rest.

It is only to work, and question not
If our task be hard or light;
To do our part with a willing hand,
In the vineyard of the Right,

It is only to follow and be content,
Where'er His hand may guide,
And know that the promised "great reward"
Will never be denied.

It is only to feel when the sun goes down
And the toilsome day is o'er,
That we're "one day nearer the home we seek"
Than ever we were before.

It is only to know, when we enter the vale,
The Heavens and Earth divide,
That He who guided us through life's way,
Will bear us over the Tide.

Washington.

AWAY in the wilds of Virginia,
Where forests primeval abound,
Where sweetly the music of Nature
Breaks forth in harmonious sound,
Away where the notes of the hunter
Rings cheerily out in the glade,
And startles the meek little dwellers
That warble their notes in the shade.

Away where the wilderness covered
The land by the savages trod,
Away where no plowman had broken
A Nation's Historical Sod,
Away where the lovely Potomac
Rolls on in majestical might—
It was there that our Country's Defender
First opened his eyes to the light.

Though lonely the home in the forest,
Yet sweetly the sunlight smiled,
And showered its blessings abundant
O'er a Nation's favored child;

For high on the hights of Ambition,
The star of his Destiny gleamed,
And pointed to glories foreshadowed,
A land from oppression redeemed.

In the vim and vigor of manhood,
The pride and the strength of his youth,
He marched at the call of his country,
With followers rude and uncouth.
Sublimely they passed through the forest,
That sheltered the treacherous foe,
And echoed the tramp of the warrior,
That followed to weal or to woe.

And sad beat the heart of their chieftain,
Though music their march did beguile,
For deep were the sorrows that slumbered
'Neath Loyalty's patriot smile.
Farewell to the home at Mt. Vernon;
Farewell to the one he loved best;
War's turbulent tide was to conquer,
Ere he in its quiet should rest.

Still darkly the war-cloud had gathered
O'er woes that we shrink to behold,
And year followed year, still its thunders
Dread echoes through Christendom rolled.

The blood of oppressed and oppressor
Had mingled on Lexington's plain,
And Bunker Hill's towering summit
Had reeked in the gore of the slain.

Yet blacker the war-cloud of Britain
Oe'rshadowed our storm-beaten land,
But firm were the hearts of its people,
And faithful the patriot band.
With courage defeat never conquered,
The enemy's frown they defied,
Till driven again to the ocean
That bore them away on its tide.

The scene so sublime, so imposing,
They witnessed from Dorchester Height;
But victory's echo was silence,
Its cheer was a smile of delight.
"Posterity's voice will applaud us,"
Their noble commander had said;
"Let not our glad triumph induce you
To humble the foe that has fled."

Still many a field was to conquer,
And many a march to endure,
And many a tempest to weather
Ere freedom's foundation was sure.

Undaunted they faced the oppressors
That frowned o'er the tried and the true,
And mocked in their haughty derision
The "Tatterdemalion few."

They camped in the tent of Starvation;
They marched in the snow and the sleet,
O'er mountains bedewed with the life-blood
That flowed from the wounds in their feet.
Though bravely they suffered in silence,
Yet grandly they acted their part,
While Death in its terror was stilling
The throbbing of Loyalty's heart.

In sorrow the great hearted chieftain
Knelt down with his patriot band,
Imploring the guidance of Heaven
To prosper the cause of the land.
And He who is Ruler above us,
Bent low with a pitying ear,
And hushed was the chorus of angels,
A people's petition to hear.

And high o'er the smoke of the battle
The beacon of Liberty burned;
And bathed in a sunlight of glory
The Banner the enemy spurned.

And proud was the day for our country
When rigid Cornwallis resigned,
And proud was the smile of the victor
Whose chaplet a Nation entwined.

Enshrined in the hearts of all Nations,
Though ages roll swiftly away,
We claim him Columbia's Father,
The same to his people alway.
In letters of gold deeply graven,
High up on the Temple of Fame,
Will shine to all kingdoms forever
Immortalized Washington's name.

Sonnet—Farewell to the Mississippi.

BEAUTIFUL River! oh, say, must I go
Forever away from thy peaceful shore?
Forever away, to return no more
To the friends I love and the scenes I know?
Thou art fairer now, for the vale below
Is sweet with the breath of Spring's glad tide;
The May flowers blossom thy banks beside,
And the white waves play where the lilies grow.
O River majestic! 'till Time is not
Thou'lt gladden the city, the vale, the glen,
The fairest scenes in the haunts of men,
While she who has loved thee long is forgot.
But He who hast guided thee down to the sea
Will still be my Guide, and abide with me.

Dedication Poem.

[Muskingum's Soldiers' and Sailors' Monumental Building.]

GRAND Fortress! by affection reared! thy walls uplifted high,
Proclaim Muskingum's loyal love that Time can ne'er defy;—
A love that's planted deep in Faith's impenetrable Rock,
And stood the all-embittered test of War's repellant shock;

A love that heard a Nation's woe pealed forth from Sumter's guns,
And struck a sympathizing chord in all her loyal sons.
And forth from out her hills and dales, her citied homes and farms,
Muskingum's pride, Muskingum's hope, had quickly sprung to arms.

'Twas thus they heard our country's call, that rang from shore to shore,
And swelled the glorious Union ranks by yet four thousand more;

While those that left her peaceful vales, enlisted with the brave
To battle for the cause they loved, six hundred found a grave.

And while we walk above their dust 'mid banners of the free,
Remembrance clings to those who won for us the victory,
And on "Our Country's Natal Morn" we fall in Honor's line,
To those who sacrificed their lives upon their country's shrine.

And though they rest on Shiloh's field, or sleep on Malvern Hill,
Or Gettysburg, 'mid thunders dread, had whispered "Peace, be still,"
Or pitched their silent, narrow tents on Vicksburg's crimson lea,
Or followed Sherman's glorious march triumphant to the sea;

What though they sleep in sunny lands, where seas a requiem moan,
Or slumber with the countless dead, where breezes sigh "Unknown,"

Nor hallowed mound to mark their dust, nor marble slab to tell
The story of the prison vile, or how they fought and fell,—

Their names immortal still will shine 'till Time's bright sun goes down,
Like diadems forever set in some resplendent crown;
And Fame will call her deathless roll, although no form is near,
Yet fair Columbia's unioned realms will rise to answer "Here!"

And though the tide of Time rolls on, and ages speed away,
And we who do them honor now, sleep 'neath our blood-bought clay,
Yet still our country's peopled hosts will give us praise that we
Revered Muskingum's martyred sons, who died for Liberty,

And reared to those whose spirits soar in regions up above
An everlasting monument, whose corner-stone is Love.

Affection binds its heaven-reared walls that were
not raised for fame,
And carved within its portals wide each honored
soldier's name.

But other eyes will read the names the silent walls
portray,
When Time with its resistless tide has swept our
own away;
And other pens will sing their praise when ours
are red with rust,
Yet this, our Monument, will keep its sadly sacred
trust.

Long may it stand to tell of those who faced Re-
bellion's flood;
Redeemed the Flag by battles torn, baptized in
human blood!
Forever wave! o'er Freedom's soil that's linked
from shore to shore,
Proclaiming Peace to every land till Time shall be
no more.

The Doctor's Creed.

SOMETIMES he would say "He had no creed;"
He "believed in serving the people's need;
A creed is a comfortless thing," he said,
"When one is in need of a doctor—and bread.
First see that the bodily ills are relieved,
And your creed and your gospel will be received."

He believed in a creed of a higher plan
Than any conceived by the mind of man.
"'I was sick, and in prison,' you know He said;
'I was naked and hungry—ye clothed and fed;
Inasmuch as ye did it to mine,' saith the Lord,
'Ye did it to me, and shall have your reward.'"

There was never a night so stormy and cold,
But he braved it all, like a soldier bold,
When the summons came, to relieve distress
In the home of wealth or of wretchedness.
But he urged his horse with a kindly touch,
And murmured the words, "Inasmuch, inasmuch."

There was poor " Widow Gray," who lived all alone
In her humble cot, where the cold winds moan
Through shingle and shutter, and often her fire
Was lower, indeed, than her heart could desire;
And when she fell ill, and helpless lay
In the doctor's care for many a day,

He 'tended her needs with as kindly a care
As he would the wife of a millionaire.
One day, from her poor little purse, she drew
A dollar, and said, " I saved it for you."
But he tied up her " mite " with a skillful touch
With the powders he left—" Inasmuch, inasmuch."

And poor Tom Mulligan, down at the mine,
Who worked for his wife and children nine,—
It was hard times for them when the mine roof fell,
And the doctor said " He will never be well."
But he lingered in pain till the early spring,
Then went where they know no suffering.

And the doctor looked over his long account,
And the " total " grew to a large amount;
But he thought of the wife and children nine,
And no more poor " Tom " to work in the mine;
So he scratched the account with a skillful touch
As he murmured his creed, "Inasmuch, inasmuch."

And when he shall settle Life's final account,
The right 'gainst the wrong,—their "total" amount,
The widow's mite and the orphan's need
Will be there to tell of the doctor's creed;
And the wrong will be scratched by the angel's touch
And the Judge will declare, "Inasmuch, inasmuch!"

Retrospection.

'TIS New Year's eve to-night, love,
The drear December gale,
Fraught with its snowy burden white,
Sweeps madly down the vale,
And mournful melodies fall low
Upon each listening ear.
Is it the requiem Father Time
Sings for the Dying Year?

The dying year! the dying year!
How much those words foretell—
Aye! "what our hands find here to do,
Do quickly and do well!"
Time goes on fleeting wings, love,
And we can scarcely know
That since the days when we were young
'Tis forty years ago.

Ah me! ah me! those happy days!
Shall e'er our hearts forget
When you and I our voices joined
With Jonesville's gay Quartette?

You were "the pretty widow" then,
Whose soul looked through her eyes;
With golden hair and face as fair
As Nature could devise.

And there was Helen, too, who sang,
Soprano, clear and strong.
They say she wed the Baker lad,
Who courted her so long;
And Belle, with wondrous solemn eyes,
And alto sweet and clear.
She went to heathendom, they say,
A parson's lot to cheer.

And our Professor, tall and slim,
Our tenor—do you mind?
So busy with his "'ologies"
He never once could find
An evening off to court with me,
The girls I most admired.
How could I know in silence he
To wedded bliss aspired.

How could I know, deep in his heart,
The one he loved the best
Had an eternal dwelling place,
Nor cared for transient guest.

Long since he wed the girl he loved,
As honest manhood should;
Still walks the way to Knowledge's Fount,
Forever doing good.

And I?—well, I was "Tom," you know,
Forever out for fun.
And though I worked, or though I played,
I *sang* from sun to sun.
My toilers' tools kept time to tune
In sunshine, storm or calm,
From anthems meet for angels' choirs
To "Mary's Little Lamb."

I'd laid my "sheep-skin" trophy by,
Proud won on "Shiloh's" field;
Left Learning's Fame for God's free air,
A Mason's sword to wield.
All day I toiled with might and main,
And when the sun was set,
In dreams of you, I'd take my way
To meet with our Quartette.

I scarce can think that forty years
Have winged their annual flight
Since once we sang the New Year in,
One drear December night.

"The King is dead! Long live the King!"
In merry jest sang we;
But now 'twould seem a solemn dirge
Of mournful prophesy.

Some New Year's eve, ere long I ween,
Some one will sit and sigh
For one who's reached the "Better Land;"
Will it be you or I?
Our years of life will soon have passed,
Brief "three score years and ten."
The beauteous world will know us not
Among the haunts of men.

We'll lay aside our toil worn tools,
The poets pen will rust;
The tireless world will still move on
O'er our unconscious dust.
When other two score years have passed
To realms where none shall tread,
There's none will know we ever lived,
Or slumber with the dead.

No heart will sigh for friendships lost
And none will breathe regret,
That you and I have ceased to sing
The songs we'll then forget.

What will we care if 'tis but ours
To holier spheres to rise,
And learn the " New Song " with the choir,
That sings beyond the skies.

Under the Flowers.

[Death of Mrs. Harrison.]

UNDER the "White House" flowers she lay,
She, whom the Naion had loved and blessed,
Found 'neath the roses her rest, sweet rest,
Far from the cares of a world away.

Lovingly over her couch of pain
Lingered a people with bated breath,
Striving to conquer the foeman—Death;
But, alas! their petitions were raised in vain.

Under the flowers they bore her away,
Away from the home she had filled with grace
Back to her own dear native place,
There in its shadows to dwell for aye.

Over the journey so long and so deep,
Garlands were gathered from every clime;—
Flowers she'd scattered in life's sweet time
Crowned her again in her last long sleep.

Under the flowers they laid her to rest,
Hid her forever with many tears;
Yet through the long, dim flight of years,
Many will honor and call her blest.

Under the flowers so sweetly she'll sleep;
Nothing can ever disturb her repose;
Ne'er shall the tumult of national woes
Come through the silence so long and so deep.

Stilled is the conflict of rival powers,
For Loyalty lingers at "Crown Hill," fair,
Guarding the slumbering angel there
Till God shall recall her from Under the Flowers,

A Song from the Oak on the Isle.

[On the beautiful island of Rock Island, in the Mississippi, there are two cemeteries—a National and Confederate. One Memorial Day spent at that place suggested the following poem.]

SING on, ye winds! though the billows frown,
In anthemed tones to me!
And roll, thou Father of Waters, down
To the ever-changing sea!

And sing, as ye glide by my home, sweet home,
My isle, with its rock-bound coast,
A song that will sound to the ocean's foam,—
A song of my slumbering host.

For here, in my shadows, they lie asleep,
Columbia's brave and true;—
Just here, at my left, the Gray I keep,
And here, at my right, the Blue.

What matters it now, that once they fought
As foes in the deadly fray?
I'll keep a sentinel's watch unsought,
Alike to the Blue and Gray.

And the river, that once rolled red with blood
From many a battle ground,
Sings on, with its ever-rolling flood,
A dirge to each lowly mound.

O River majestic! a message bear
To the Southland far away,
Where love waits still for the soldier there,
Who fought in the ranks of Gray.

And say that they rest in my island fair,
Where the quiet shadows fall,
And the Father looks down with tenderest care,
And the grass grows green o'er all.

Again, when the spring-time seasons smile
With May day flowers around,
A nation ceases its labors awhile
To honor each lowly mound.

Down from the North comes the loyal Blue,
And up from the South the Gray,
Marching once more in columns true,
But not in a stern array.

For garland laden these warriors come,
From the North and the South away,
To twine, 'mid the proud world's busying hum,
A wreath for the Blue and Gray.

Here hand clasps hand 'neath my friendly boughs,
And their swords anew are sheathed,
And anew I seal their patriot vows
By the low mounds—pardon-wreathed.

And the Blue goes home to his fields of corn,
And the Gray to his orange tree,
Each carrying in his heart, new-born,
A love for his country—Free.

Alone I stand in the church-yard shade,
With the Olive Branch above,
And I know that the wounds grim war has made
Are healed by the wreath of Love.

Legend of "Dead Man's Grove."

[A Picnic Resort, near Stewardson, Illinois.]

'TIS said, in seasons long ago,
When Fortune's smiles were bright,
And welcomed those from other lands
To share her sweet delight,
Two trav'lers walked within the grove
Upon the tufted green,
And sought repose from many woes
Their pilgrim lot had seen.

Together they, from far away,
Had sought the Golden West,
Where Hope her vision drew, of men
In Fortune's lap caressed.
Alas! that gold should be the bane
That lures the world to sin,
And man should kill his fellow-man
That gilded prize to win!

But Envy sows discordant seeds
Where Love in fondness smiled,
And where the flowers of friendship bloomed
The thorns of Hate grow wild.

Beneath the overhanging boughs
The strangers' tent was spread,
While stars their silent vigils kept
In splendor overhead.

The canopy of Heaven cast
Reflective shades below,
While midnight zephyrs sadly sung
A wailing dirge of woe.
A solemn dirge for one who fell,
From friends so far away,
Where none could lift a helping hand
The slayer's hand to stay.

For one lay down to sleep for aye
The slumbers of the blest,
And one went forth a murderer,
By sin and crime distressed;
A brother's blood still cried aloud
From out the troubled ground;—
The voice his hand had stilled in death
Came back with every sound.

For woman's prayers and orphan's tears
To hardened hearts appealed,
And in the eyes of human-kind
His secret stands revealed.

The stranger sleeps beneath the shade,
  Where pitying skies look down,
Nor wakes to tell the story dread
  Of Treason's darkest frown.

When sunset gilds the western lands,
  At twilight's shadows dim,
The plaintive evening breezes sing
  A requiem to him.
Although the stranger sleeps unknown
  Where careless footsteps rove,
Kind Nature reared his monument,—
  'Tis called "The Dead Man's Grove."

Christmas Carol.

"PEACE on earth, good will to men:"
Sing it o'er and o'er again;
Let the joyful anthem rise
Till the echoes reach the skies.

In a manger far away,
Christ was born on Christmas Day,
Bringing "Peace, good will to men;"
Sing it o'er and o'er again.

Heaven attuned the sacred lyre,
Sent the fair angelic choir
Singing through the skies above,
Telling men of Jesus' love.

"Peace on earth, good will to men;"
Sing and tell it o'er again,
On this joyful Christmas morn
"Unto you a Savior's born."

Shepherds on the dreary plain
Caught the angel's glad refrain,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Sing it o'er and o'er again.

Down the sounding aisles of Time,
Into every age and clime,
Comes the tidings o'er again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Sing it till the echoes roll,
Round the world from pole to pole;
Round the world from sea to sea,
Sing the Christmas jubilee.

Sing it till the world shall find,
Peace that's wrought for all mankind;
Finds the Savior born for them,
Christmas morn, in Bethlehem.

New Years's Greeting.

AGAIN have the seasons with measureless sway
Their annual circuit rolled swifty away,
While hopes and ambitions the Old Year had known,
Shine on in the New that ascends to the Throne;
And we to our kindred bring merry good cheer,
And hopefully wish you a Happy New Year!

High up in the steeple the tremulous bell,
That tolled for the Old Year its funeral knell,
Is singing the chorus with welcoming call,
"A Happy New Year to you all, to you all!"
A New Year as bright as the shadows forecast,
As buoyant with hope as the year that has passed.

The days that were glad in the newness of life,
The days that with over abundance were rife,
The days when we sorrowed; the days when we joyed;
The days when our banquet was bliss unalloyed;
The days that were fraught with their evil and good;
The days that we did not improve when we should.

The days that awaited not worldly delay
Have silently glided forever away.
The blossoms of springtime, long faded and fell,
The fruitage of summer was gathered as well;
The harvest was garnered on meadow and plain,
While songs of thanksgiving were tossed with the grain.

And sturdy old farmers, the lords of the soil,
Find rest for their labor and ease for their toil,
And feast on the fruit of the acres they've tilled,
And smile as they think of the granaries filled;
And long will we prosper and long will we thrive,
While busy the toilers in Industry's hive.

Each morning we see them, Humanity's tide,
Hasten on, where the pathway of Duty would guide.
The stern man of business, the genius of worth
Looks well that his talents rust not in the earth,
While the King of the workshop, whose power is known,
Finds Peace in his realm—a home of his own.

The Count of the yard-stick, the Sage of the Press,
The Princes of Justice who evil redress,
The Master of Learning, at Knowledge's Fount,

The busy Cashier of the "sum and amount,"
Rejoice at their hearthstones, away from the din,
And sing o'er their dollars, "I gather them in."

The millionaire rides in his chariot fine,
With lords and with ladies he's courted to dine;
The click of the goblet, the ring of the gold,
Goes round with the dancers in harmony's fold.
But to all the same greeting rings out loud and clear,
"A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year"

Rest for the Weary.

O! WHERE shall a wandering pilgrim through life,
By care and by sorrow oppressed,
Find rest from his labors or cease from the strife,
Or peace for his grief-laden breast?
I ask of the mountains, the meadows, and trees;
I ask of the winds and the sea;
But list to the answer that's echoed from these,
"No rest for the weary in me."

But surely there's rest 'mid the blessings of earth,
As the world with its pleasure moves on,
But to taste of its sweetness to sorrow gives birth,
For we grasp them, and lo! they are gone;
Then I ask of the penitent, kneeling in prayer,
Where rest for the weary can be,
And a "still small voice" I hear whispering there,
"O, weary one come unto me."

A Princess imprisoned on England's fair Isle,
In castles so cheerless and dim,
Found sweet consolation in reading the while
The promises given by Him.

In slumbers the Bible had pillowed her head,
And her dreams were of captives set free;
For the voice of the Savior had whispered and said,
"O, weary one come unto me."

Her comfort by day and her pillow by night,
A friend in her cell to abide;
She found in its pages a heavenly light,
When the light of the world was denied.
And when her sweet spirit from bondage had fled,
And her soul was forever set free,
Her cheek was still pressing the pages that said,
"O weary one come unto me."

Blest thought that a Haven's prepared for us all,
When life and its trials are past,
And those who are waiting to hear the glad call
Shall rest from their labors at last,
For man cannot wander away from His care,
Though his home be on land or on sea;
For a still small voice will be whispering there,
"O, weary one come unto me."

The Old Piano.

IT stands in the corner so silent,
No notes from its keys ever come;
The lid is closed firmly forever,
The voice of its music is dumb.

A story we read in its silence;
A story of life's solemn way;
Where yesterday's happy delusions
Were changed to the grief of to-day.

Once sweet was the music that echoed
The family circle around,
And fair was the maiden whose fingers
Effected the magical sound.

The light and the life of the household,
The pride of the circle she graced;
The charm of her beautiful presence
Fond memory never erased.

A lover came into the circle;
A lover so handsome and grand;
He wooed and he won the fair maiden;
She gave him her heart with her hand.

But the flowers with which he had crowned her,
His beautiful queen, his bride,
Scarce withered away till she faded
And drooped like a flower at his side.

So silently, peacefully, calmly,
She glided away from his hold,
And the *Gates* stood ajar for her coming—
The Gates in the city of Gold.

He laid her to rest in the autumn,
Out under the soft, green grass,
Where the breezes sing in the cedars,
A requiem as they pass.

And there by her grave, all lonely,
In the shade where his idol slept,
He sat when the twilight faded—
He waited, and watched, and wept.

Till a sweet voice said, "I love you;
Why all this needless pain?
I am yours the same in heaven,
You'll all come soon again."

'Tis thus in the old piano,
The story of life we read,
And learn by our earth-born sorrow
How much of heaven we need.

We sing for a few brief seasons
Our life's discordant strain,
And "the silver chord is loosened."
To sound in heaven again.

Death of Emma Abbott.

SHE has sung her last song; in that far-away clime
The ending so sorrowful came;
'Twere fitting to die on the Nation's grand heights
To her in the height of her fame.

With a smile on her face and a song on her lips,
And a prayer for the strength for the task,
She came on the stage; and the audience cheered,
Nor knew of the pain 'neath the mask.

Through life's happy journey her mission had been
To pour out her spirit in song;
To live in the mazes of honor and fame,
And shine the bright star of the throng.

How tenderly sweet, yet soulfully sad,
Her melody sounded that night!
While her eyes with their dreamy and far-away gaze
Seemed beaming with heavenly light.

How meaningless sounded the ceaseless applause!
Their echoes with rapture replete
Had ceased to delight, and the fragrance was gone
From the flowers that fell at her feet.

The singer had ceased and the echoes died out,
Mid cheers of the rapturous throng,
Who dreamed not their beautiful queen of the stage
Had sung to the world her last song.

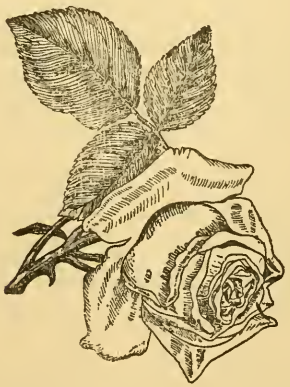
The daylight awakened the world once again,
The sun o'er the mountain top rose,
While she who went singing life's pathway along
Was nearing life's beautiful close.

Oh! what were the trophies of glory once gained
From kingdoms her music had thrilled!
Or what were the plaudits of listening worlds
To her, with her mission fulfilled!

Far grander than honor, or riches, or fame,
When Death read the final decree,
Was the power to say, when the messenger called,
That "Death has no terrors for me."

No more on the borders of Time shall her voice
Inspire a world-weary soul,
But out on Eternity's broader expanse
Its echoes forever shall roll.

'Twere meet that to one with a talent sublime,
To whom powers seraphic were given
To sing the glad songs of a wonderful love,
Should finish the chorus in Heaven.



Only a Drunkard.

OUT in the busy and crowded street
I hear the trampling of numberless feet;
What means the sound of the tumult loud?
What great attraction is leading the crowd?

"It is only a drunkard." Ah! poor soul!
He had buried his woes in the flowing bowl;
Buried them deep in the sparkliug wine,
Till the serpent's eyes through the redness shine.

He fell by the way; in a helpless heap
He lay by the sidewalk, fast asleep.
And the sunbeams played o'er the youthful face,
Where the "Curse of the Nation" had left its trace.

Once youth and beauty had reigned supreme,
And his childhood days were a happy dream;
And his fair, sweet face was a mother's joy;—
She was ready to die for her "darling boy."

What a noble life she had planned for him!
She had pierced the vale of the future dim,
And in letters of gold on the mountain of Fame
She had read his honored, immortal name.

Now, he lay by the sidewalk hard and bare,
Forsaken by those who had led him there;
And the zephyrs of spring tossed the curls so brown
O'er the face of "the wickedest boy in town."

They had found him there, and the law's stern hold
Hastened him now to the prison so cold.
Few eyes in pity, but many in scorn,
Followed the figure so sad and forlorn.

But, list to the passionate pleading of one:—
"O Charley! my own! My son! my son!
Would I could die to save the soul
Thou wouldst drown in the dregs of a drunkard's
bowl!"

A curse was the answer;—they bore her away.
She closed her eyes to the light of day.
He had broken her heart;—still a mother's love
Would plead his cause in the courts above.

Will the gladsome peace of a Love divine
Through the gloomy prison walls e'er shine?
And the Gospel light in his presence burn,
And a voice be calling, "Return, return?"

Will he heed the call? In the world's dark hour
Will he ask the aid of a Higher Power?
And when Freedom again shall lighten his cell,
Will it be freedom from WRONG as well?

How many, with him, have wandered astray,
Breaking somebody's heart each day?
For none are so fallen, and none so low,
But somebody loved them—long ago.

Somebody guarded his childhood's day,
Started his feet in the "narrow way."
Somebody prayed while the night stars shine,
"Save my boy from the tempting wine!"

The "Curse of the Nation!" Ye call it well—
Robbing heaven and peopling hell!
Stealing the ransomed from kingdom's above,
Bought by a Savior's wonderful Love.

O Woman! 'gainst you is the army arrayed!
Take up your weapon, and be not dismayed;
Though ye may fall in the ranks where ye stood,
Of each be it said, "She hath done what she could."

Patriotism.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land.'"—*Scott.*

I THINK of one—a banished king*
Whose praises poets well might sing,
The patriot soul to thrill.
Quick feet were hurrying here and there,
Quick hands were gathering treasures rare,
His exiled home to fill.

But, "Stop!" cried out this patriot bold,
"Take not for me rich bags of gold,
Or gems of rarest worth!
But haste you to the Castle Hill;
Dig up the soil, and for me fill
Some twenty bags of earth!

I've loved my beauteous kingdom well!
And love it still, though foes rebel
And sovereign rights oppose.
Because I deemed it wisest, best,
To free a race despised, oppressed,
My friends have turned to foes.

*Dom Pedro.

Though cruel powers decree that I
In foreign lands must live and die,
I'll sleep in native soil!
Then carry with me, o'er the wave,
The earth wherein to make my grave,
Where foes can ne'er despoil!"

And when, upon a foreign shore,
His kingly heart could throb no more
To earthly care or toil,
He slept the long and dreamless sleep
Where foreign waters softly weep,—
But NOT on FOREIGN SOIL!

Organizing a Sunday School.

[To Mrs. Dr. Dunn.]

THEY met at the school-house, one beautiful day,
When the air was sweet-scented with blossoms of May.
The gentlemen, ever progressive in views,
Had met at the grocery each night, to infuse
In the minds of the loafers, who came far and near,
"How nice it would be to have Sunday-school here!"

So the preacher was with them that beautiful day;
He had rode seven miles through the blossoms of May.
He led them in singing, he led them in prayer,
Then opened the business for which they were there.
"I move that the Doctor shall superintend!"
Came a voice loud and clear, that all could commend.

For it seemed not unmeet that their spiritual ills
Should be tended, as well, by the vender of pills.
"I decline!" said the Doctor, his voice growing higher;
"Just pass the position along to the 'Squire!"
"I decline!" said the 'Squire, somewhere in the rear,
His voice low, but firm, so that each one could hear.

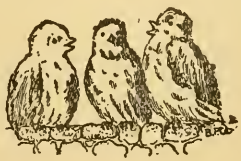
"I move that the groceryman act in this place!"
"I decline!" said the Grocer; "I'm lacking in grace."
And the people all wondered how this could be true,
When his "weights" and his "measures" were "Gospel," they knew.
"What's wrong with the Master?" cried one of his fold.
"I decline! for the reason the Grocer has told."

Thus they called the long roll, and found never a man
Who would *lead* in the cause he had aided to plan.
"I move that the Doctor's wife lead in this cause!"
"I second the motion!" and never a pause;
But the Preacher commenced, "All in favor will say——"
And the house gave one loud and unanimous "Aye!"

Unanimous? Well, we heard a low tone,
Half frightened, say "No!"—'twas the candidate's own.
And she rose, in her quiet and womanly way,
And calmly, but firmly, proceeded to say
She "was willing to labor and do her best."
"That's right!" said the Preacher; "let the Lord do the rest."

"Now, who will 'assist' her?" The masculine ranks
Were summoned again, to "decline, with thanks."
So a lady was duly accorded the place,
And she met the decree with a womanly grace.
And another, who reveled in shoving the quill,
Was to write the "reports" and carry the "till."

And the minister beamed with a smile of content,
And said "'twas a season enjoyably spent.
He "felt that all efforts with good would be fraught,
And the gentlemen all would attend,—*to be taught.*"
Then he turned to his "hymnal," and said rather slow,
"We will close with the song, "'Brother, Will You Go?'"



O! Tell Me Not 'Tis Death.

O! TELL me not that death is *Death!*
That her cold, lifeless form
Shall never thrill with life or breath,
Those pulses to rewarm!

That deep in Mother Earth's embrace,
She shall forever lie;
That there is no abiding place—
No happier "By-and-by."

O! tell me not that Faith is vain!
That all our hope is naught!
That not by wondrous power and pain
Was full Salvation wrought!

Does not the tiny seed we sow
For other harvests die
Before to new life it can grow?
O, skeptic! make reply!

If flowers can come from seeds that lie
Deep hidden from our eyes,
Cannot the spirit upward fly
To live in brighter skies?

Birdie's Lesson.

DEAR little bird! how canst thou sing
When storms blow cold around,
And dreary clouds their fulness fling
Upon the snow-piled ground?

Still up through blackest gloom thy song
Goes ringing through the air,
And storm winds waft it swift along
Where comes no note of care.

And He who "heeds the sparrow fall"
Doth hear thy tiny voice,
Nor deigns despise a thing so small,
But makes His heart rejoice.

Dear little bird! could I but heed
The lesson taught by thee,
And though life's cloud grow dark indeed,
Sing on and happy be!

The storms we meet would ne'er be wild
Nor skies be dark and dim,
If we would see the Light Beyond,
By looking up to Him.

The Fairest Picture.

I TURN through the sacred volume,
By pious hands all worn,
And I read the wondrous story
Of the infant Savior born;
Of the mighty King, yet humble,
Who came in man's disguise
Away from the courts of glory
And gladness in the skies.

I follow His childish footsteps
Along their lowly way;
I see Him grow to manhood,
As children grow to-day.
I see Him in the Temple,
The Father's work begun;
I see the priests and Levites,
Their wisdom all undone.

I see Him on the mountain,
Where countless thousands come;
I hear the words, all else before
Man's eloquence is dumb.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For they their God shall see;
Blessed are the pure and holy,
For they shall dwell with me."

"I see the toiling fishers
O'er stormy Galilee,
And afar a lonely figure
Walks firmly on the sea.
The waters round Him wonder;
The waves are stiller laid,
And I hear His voice assuring,
"'Tis I, be not afraid!"

I hear the surging tempest,
Men's hearts with terror thrill,
And again a lowly murmur,
"O, waters, peace be still."
I see the mad waves falling,
Low on the storm beat shore,
And the tempest wild is raging
On Galilee no more.

I see Him by the gateway,
Where paused a cortege slow
In its sad funereal journey;
For a mother's hopes lay low.

He turns the pall so somber,
  Back from the sightless eyes,
And says in voiceful pity,
  "Young man, I say, arise!"

But I think the fairest picture,
  In all that wondrous life,
So filled with good to others,
  So filled with toil and strife,
Is where He blessed the children
  And took them on His knee,
And kindly said, "Forbid them not,
  But let them come to me!"

Auntie's Babies.

[To my Brother's "Pixey" Band.]

THERE are three of them! bless the darlings!
There's Lawrence and Edith May,
And a dear little baby—Walter,
Just six months old to-day.
I take up the dimpled darling,
He nestles his cheek to mine;
And a tide of love sweeps o'er me,
Less human than divine.

A love for the weak and helpless;
For the innocent; pure in heart;
And I know that the world is better,
Because of the baby's part;
And I think as I lay him gently
To sleep in his tiny nest
And kiss the smiles and dimples,
"It is you I love—the best."

But Edith, with eyes so solemn,
And tender, and earnest, and wise,
Looks up in my face so knowing,
With a wondering, deep surprise.

But a balm for all her troubles
Is to sit on "Auntie's " knee,
And hold her " fwotch," and listen
To its tireless tick so free.

She little heeds, the darling!
That its ticking our lives away;
But it pleases her childish fancy
Sufficient for to-day.
I stroke the brown locks sunny,
The fair young brow caressed,
And I think, " Your Auntie loves you,
Dear little niece, the best."

But little arms clasp softly,
My neck in a close embrace,
And a boyish cheek, all rosy,
Is pressed against my face,
And sweet the childish accents,
Fall on my listening ear,
With Cupid's priceless message;
For these are the words I hear:

" Ise Auntie's 'ittle sweetheart;
An' I love you lots, I do,
Whole hun'erd bus'els, Auntie,
Is 'at enough for 'oo?"

I kiss my ardent lover,
And fold him to my breast,
And I think, "Of all the babies,
I surely love you—best."

And I know how the Friend of Children
Could take them on His knees,
And liken the Kingdom of Heaven
To the little ones like these.
Then at night, when the tiny toddlers,
Reluctant go to rest,
I know, as I tuck them under,
That I love them ALL—THE BEST.

We hear the child's petition,
"I lay me down to sleep,"
And we ask the Great Deliverer
From all life's storms to "keep,"
And when their feet grows weary,
Of pathway's care-oppressed,
May they shine among His jewels,
Who loved us all—the best.

Summer Over the River.

[To Hazel.]

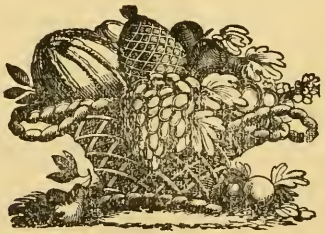
GOLDEN HAIR stood by the window one day
Poor little Golden Hair! tired of play!
Tired of staying in doors all day;
Wishing the winter would soon go away;
Longing to see the glad summer time come;
Longing to hear the small busy bee's hum;
Wishing the roses would bloom in the yard,
And the path to the gate be pansy starred;
Wishing the grass would again grow green,
Dotted with daisies and lilies between—
Oh! the winter made things so dreary!

Poor little Goldenhair! nothing to do
But play with her dollies the whole day through,
Or sit by the fire to keep herself warm—
For, O! 'twas so cold out of doors in the storm!
How she wished that the birdies would come to the door
And sing as they sang all the summer before;
But even the birdies had flown far away
To the land of the South, with its sweet spring day,
And they will not return till a Hand unseen
Shall lead them home when the trees are green
And the summer is bright and cheery.

The winter was drifting with time away,
As she stood at the window that first fair day,
And looked on the scene that before her lay,
Far over the river, so muddy and gray.
There were hills that rose to a height sublime;
There were forests that laughed at the flight of time;
There were valleys below, like Eden's were,
Ere the finger of sin had written there,
When the Master's praise was the one grand theme,
And the rivers sang, with the tiny stream,
Their songs of love to the Giver.

There were dark clouds drifting across the sky,
Clouds that would threaten and then pass by;
Clouds that would hover first here then there,
Till the winds would part them, and lose them in air;
Then over the river there vanished a frown,
And the sunlight came like a blessing down;
And the little one saw as she stood that day,
Watching the shadows so cold and gray,
And joyously cried in her baby glee,
"O! the nice sunshine! See, mamma! see!
Its *Summer* over the River!"

Dear little maiden, as older you grow,
Clouds will be many, too well we know!
Perhaps when the world shall give you pain,
You will look for the sunshine of life in vain.
But over the river, beyond the tide,
The sunlight pours through the gates thrown wide,
And never a cloud and never a care,
Nor the snows of winter shall enter there.
But the sunshine eternal's for you and for me,
If we stand at the window of Faith and see
The "Summer that's over the River."



Isabel.

LITTLE maid with golden hair,
Flitting here, and flitting there;
In the sunshine, in the shade,
Airy, fairy little maid.
You will know her when I tell
That her name is Isabel.

Once she to the country went;
Happy season there she spent;
Free to follow childish laws,
Queen of all at Grandmama's.
Loved and loving all so well,
Sweetest coquette—Isabel.

Friends she made with all in sight,
But "kitty" was her chief delight.
"Cannot take it on the train,"
Mamma said, with touch of pain.
Tears upon the fur coat fell—
Disappointed Isabel.

Home she came that summer day,
Went upon the lawn to play;
Talking, talking all alone,
In a low but cheery tone,
Secrets sweet, I dare not tell;
Happy little Isabel.

Mamma's voice called loud and clear,
"Who are you playing with, my dear?"
Quickly answered little tot,
"Wis my cat I isn't got."
Joys remembered served her well,
Wisest little Isabel.

Grown up folks might learn of you
Brighter pathways to pursue;
Bid the disappointments flee,
Keep the joys in memory.
Hold through life your precept well,
Wise logician—Isabel.

The Railroaders' Picnic.

"A little nonsense now and then."

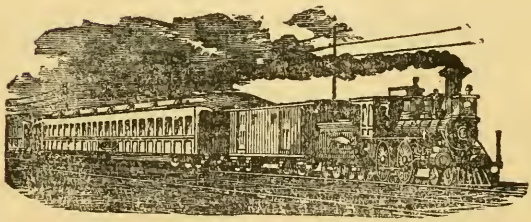
ALL week we'd hoped it wouldn't rain;—
The morning dawned propitious;
A day like this at "Maple Glen"
Would surely be delicious.
'Twas just the trip we'd hankered for;
And when our worthy masters
Declared they'd take us free of charge
And safe from all disasters,
We felt so powerful good to think
Such kindly impulse moved 'em,
We'd like to got 'em 'round the necks
And told 'em how we loved 'em.
At first, meek Conscience raised her voice,
This Gospel truth declaring,
That "Sunday wasn't just the day
To take a picnic airing."
"The cause was good," we argued her;
"We didn't see why Sunday,
If we were very, very good,

Was any worse than Monday."
At last she wouldn't talk to us;—
We didn't heed her warning;—
'Tis always so, as many know.
So on the picnic morning
We packed our grub, and donned our "tog,"
And hied us to the station,
And waited for the 'xcursion train
In blissful expectation.
And soon the engine hove in sight,
With half a dozen coaches,
And men and women, boys and girls,
As thick as summer roaches.
Beneath the shade of giant hills,
Adown the blue Muskingum,
Through fields as green and scenes as fair
As ever graced a kingdom,
Through mining hamlets, prosperous towns,
Past cot and mansion sweeping,
Through endless fields of gathered grain,
Where toilers late were reaping,
Past miles and miles of hills sublime
As old as earth's creation,
We sped along. How progress moves!
It surely "beats the Nation."
An hour of travel, and we'd left
Full fifty miles behind us,
And in the shades of "Maple Glen"

The noon-tide hour did find us.
A fairy nook on Congress Run,
Low lying in the valley;
The very spot for poet folks
Their truant thoughts to rally.
All day we strolled about the Glen,
Its cool retreats enjoying,
Each one as suited best his mood
The idle hours employing.
And all too soon the day went round,
As days go on forever,
And lengthening shadows plainly told
That friends new found must sever.
And "Fireman Smith" the whistle blew
To give the people warning
'Twas time to gather up their traps
All ready for returning.
A merry crowd were homeward bound,—
And some were fond of singing,
And with the latest, sweetest songs
They set the valley ringing.
Some Zanesville "dudes" and "sweet sixteens"
Struck up a brisk flirtation,
And entertained us all the way
With Love's sweet demonstrations;
And in their ardor couldn't see
The people all around them,
But dreamed a tunnel, long and dark,

In bliss secure had bound them.
And now they tell it all around,—
'Tis truth, I do insist, sir,
The wicked "small boy" cried in glee:
"Oh! look-ee there! He kissed her!"
Just then the brakeman called aloud,
"The next is Buckeye Station!"
And we were grieved to think we'd miss
The rest of that flirtation.
But as we left we heard him say:
"My dear, I wonder whether
Life's journey would be all like this,
If we should go together?"
Though Maple Glen excursion folks
Delight in all they see there,
Our flirting friends were doubly sure
'Twas "good for them to be there."
Now, some day when you're out of tune
With all your fellow-men, sir,
Just pack your traps, and take the "chicks",
And go to Maple Glen, sir,
And feast your eyes upon the hills
That o'er the road you'll find, sir,
And you'll come home at eventide
"At peace with all mankind," sir.
Be thankful for a world so good!
Be thankful you are in it!
And don't forever use your voice

To "'lectioneer agin it!"
Smile on the world! and cease to be
An everlasting fretter!
Lest when you seek another sphere,
You may not find a better.



The Handy Man on a Farm.

HE could do just whatever his hands found to do;
From building a mansion to mending a shoe;
He made him a workshop down under the hill,
And he worked day by day with a right good will,
And while saw, plane and hammer in melody rings
He contrives, I assure you, most wonderful things.

He'd horses, and cattle, and live stock galore,
And the while he was feeding they bellowed for more;
So he made him a cutter for fodder and straw
And applied for a patent, according to law.
Then there came a bright thought that 'twould be a good scheme,
To get him an engine and run it by steam.

So straightway it came—I am sure I don't know,
But suppose 'twas a dozen horse power or so.
Soon he'd ground all the feed he had garnered away,

Then commenced on his neighbor's—a little to pay;
And he bolted all manner of flour and feed,
That could ever be made out of corn or of weed.

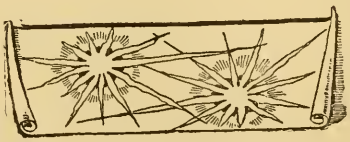
And his work went along like a marvelous dream,
For he fed, and he watered, and *curried by steam*,
Then he said, "I despise to saw wood for the stove,
So I'll hitch on a saw, and I'll *saw* it, by Jove!"
He did; and it worked like a magical charm;
As did everything else for this man on a farm.

You can stand at the gate of his farmyard at night,
And hear that old whistle call out in delight;
And the hills scarce re-echo the musical din,
Till the horses and cattle come rollicking in.
Then he milks seven cows, strains the milk all away,
And does it *by steam* as they munch at their hay.

Thus his work glided on like a beautiful dream;
Still "he sighed for more kingdoms to conquer" by steam.
Exhausting all forces the farm could contain,

At last he invaded his wife's domain.
He "could cook, bake and wash; 'twould be excellent fun!"
He tried; then concluded to "hire it done."

But with ropes and with pulleys, this wonderful "Yank,"
Churned all of her cream without dasher or crank.
And his wife? Well, she is accustomed to say,
She "looks for some extra invention each day."
Sometimes she is happy, sometimes she is vexed,
But daily she questions, "I wonder what next?"
And one night she cried in a horrified dream,
"O! *don't run your wife and your children by steam!*"



Weak Minded Women.

[We once attended a "Sentimental Debate," in which the question for discussion was, "Resolved that Men and Women Should Receive Equal Wages for the Same Labor." One of the debaters took occasion to declare that "women were weak-minded creatures, not capable of doing their work as well as men; hence, did not deserve the same compensation." "Weak Minded Women" grew from a spirit of retaliation."]

YOU may have heard that great debate,
In which the gentry say,
The ladies all have shallow minds;
Hence, are not as smart as they.
They question long her mental powers,
And doubt her right to rule,
While those with thickest craniums say,
"She can't control a school."

They deem her "fickle, weak and vain,"
With mental powers so small
'Twould take a monstrous microscope
To find her brain at all.
While they upon the other hand,
Man's virtues praise at length,
And call him by a name sublime—
"A mighty tower of strength."

That " tower of strength," we see him, yes!
At morning, night and noon;
We see him by the roadside laid,
And in the beer saloon.
We see his wife—a shadowy form,
That sits by lamplight dim,
And works the night's long hours away;
Yes; works and prays—for him.

While he who promised to provide
Demands her wages small,
And basely goes to some saloon,
More basely spends it all.
High-minded man! we see him now
On Erie's further shore!
He's gained the Canaan's fair beyond,
Where sheriffs come no more.

And thousands mourn his sudden flight,
The youthful and the old.
They weep not for the Bank Cashier,
But for their stolen gold.
Weak minded woman! yes, indeed!
We see her everywhere;
She holds the scales in Justice's court,
She fills the judge's chair.

We find her in the mission field,
In far-off heathen land;
We see her aid in the temperance cause,
With willing heart and hand.
We find her at the author's desk,
A ruling member there.
She fills with business tact and skill
The editorial chair.

She graces every phase of life;
From princely courts of fame
To those who walk in humble paths,
And labor—in His name.
Though man may claim the titles proud,
As head of Church and State,
"She who is faithful in the least
Is fit to rule the great."

There's Queen Victoria's "shallow mind,"
That rules a kingdom vast;
And none will doubt her right to rule
Or deem her reign surpassed.
Her vast dominion's matchless power
Is felt on land and sea;
And thousands sing, "Long Live the Queen,"
And sing it soulfully.

We find them queens in every clime,
No matter where we roam;
From those who sit on royal thrones
To uncrowned queens of home.
Mankind may conquer kingdoms vast,
Make nations rise or fall;
And fill the earth with wonders great,
That womankind appall.

Yet though the earth may cease to move
Where'er his footsteps roam,
One cause he yields to woman's reign—
The Kingdom fair—of Home.
The home that tasteful fingers
Adorns with pious care,
And breathes a benediction
On all who enter there.

That glory's thine! O, woman, weak!
That kingdom, thine for aye!
She needs not higher meed than thine,
Who reigns with sceptered sway.
I think when Time has passed away
And Life's rewards are given,
The Queens of Home will wear for aye
The brightest crowns in Heaven.

The Student's Rustication.

[To C. M. SWINGLE.]

WELL, boys, you see I'm back again,
All safe from every harm,
My week of rustication o'er,
Down on my Father's farm.
Of course you all would like to hear
About my "splendid time,"
And so I'll kinder tell it off
In somewhat doubtful rhyme.
Well, first of all, and worst of all,
It rained the whole week through.
They did not call it rain down there,
But—"Rather heavy dew."
Leastwise, it spoiled my every plan;
My program for each day,
Included rides the country o'er,
With my good horse and "shay."
But every morn at peep of dawn
I wakened to the strain
Of the "patter on the shingle"
Of the rain, RAIN, RAIN.
With hopes way down to zero,
I'd turn me o'er again

To sleep away the pain I had—
A chronic weather pain.
All day I moped about the house,
With nothing much in view,
Devoutly wishing I was back
To algebra—and you.
I thought about Commencement Day,
I thought about the speech,
And of the oratoric flights
They'd look to us to reach;
And so I put my "kettle" on,
My store of "thoughts" to boil
To diamonds, gems, or jeweled links,
But this proved useless toil.
So when, at last, the light of day
Behind the hills was hid,
I'd light the lamp and have a game
Of checkers with "the kid,"
Or gather up our family choir,
Beneath the family tree,
And tune the skreaky organ up,
To music pitched in "G,"
And all the good old-fashioned songs,
We sang in school-day's prime,
We sang again, unmindful of
The fleeting hours of Time;
Until a deep bass voice would call,
And give our zeal a shock,

"You'd better get to bed, you set!
Its half-past ten o'clock!"
On Wednesday, when the sun came out,
I went across the hill,
And took a turn at sawing logs,
With "Dad" and "Brother Bill."
The girls, they 'lowed, "I looked as 'blue'
As any 'stocking' could,"
And said they thought "some hustling 'round
Would sorter do me good"
They "s'posed I poked my nose too deep
In books and all such stuff."
"That sciences and 'ologies
Were making me look tough."
And so they killed a Shanghai bold,
That ruled the poultry roost—
"Potpie and chicken sure would give
My appetite a boost."
I'd recommend the cure to all;
It worked quite like a charm;
I said "I'd take it twice a day,
While on my Father's farm."
When Saturday came 'round I sought
Some wisdom (?) to instill,
By going to hear some boys debate,
At the school-house on the hill.
What memories surged across my brain!

Perhaps you do not know,
That there it was my school-boy days
Were spent some years ago;
And there it was I first held forth—
A boyish young galoot,
Who strove, with might and main, to teach
"Young ideas how to shoot;"
And how they shot! that night they fell,
Like arrows spent and slow,
From conflicts I had helped them wage,
Some seven years ago.
A flood of recollections rolled
O'er memory's beaten track,
And like the spring-time, fresh and green,
My verdant days came back.
I thought about my first debate,
—A boyish effort weak,—
And how my knees, like "trombones,"
cracked
Whene'er I'd rise to speak.
No doubt with memories such as these
Your own pathway is rife;
But may no graver crimes e'er be
Your haunting ghosts through life.
On Sunday morning, when I rose,
Lo! gone was Nature's frown!
And gladsome sunlight, hidden long,
Came like a blessing down,

Thinks I, " 'twill be a splendid time
To take a little whirl,
I think I'll go to Sunday School
And then to see my girl."
So off I went with spirits high,
A halter on my arm
To catch a fiery nag that grazed
Somewhere on Father's farm.
I saw him on a distant hill,
Near by a strip of wood;
And gently in the Sabbath shade,
In pious mood, he stood.
I came upon him unawares;
And when some yards away,
He greeted me with lofty head,
And e'en a friendly neigh.
I offered him the corn I'd brought;
He sniffed the air and fled;
With one great bound his heels flew up,
Far, far above my head.
Alas, for trifles! light as air
That wreck our every plan!
I followed on, and loudly called,
" Cope Dan! cope Dan! cope Dan!"
But then, alas! *Dan* wouldn't " cope!"
He simply faster flew,
While I was doing well to keep
The cruel beast in view.

I raced that horse for two whole hours;
I'd corner him, and lo!
Swift o'er a "stake and rider fence"
Most gracefully he'd go!
I called the boys! I called the girls!
I called the neighbors out!
Imploring help to "catch the brute"
That put my wits to rout!
All o'er our eighty acre patch,
Our neighbors eighty-five,
He led us on, until we vowed
"We'd take him dead or alive."
At last he to the highway took,
And frightened "kids" galore;
And when his race was done, he stood
Beside the stable door.
Exhausted then, I sat me down,
All weary, worn and pale;
I vowed "that horse could jump the moon
And never touch a rail."
"He's our bonanza, Dad," I said,
"Let's utilize his pranks,
And put him on the track next Fall
To race 'gainst Nancy Hanks."
But solace sweet! he bore me off,
Love's banner to unfurl;
For, though I missed the Sunday School,
I did not miss the girl.

And musing on life's strange mishaps,
Its past events rehearse;
I know our woes are ne'er so bad
But that they might be worse.

The Railroader's Lament.

[The author was once a student of telegraphy in a country station of a certain railroad, whose "Pay car" had been over-due for some months. The persistent inquiry for "news" from said "Pay car," and the general cry of "hard times" among the employees, gave rise to the "Railroader's Lament." Much to the consternation of the writer, it was taken from the office and published, a copy finding its way into the hands of the railroad officials. It is needless to say that the early appearance of the "Pay car" was the happy result. [? ? ?]

OF all the unpaid toilers
That the "panic" makes his dupe,
I think the railroad man must be
The deepest "in the soup."

It's soup at morning, night, and noon;
Meat is a thing unknown;
Three times a day the broth is served,
And still the same old bone.

The grocer man no longer trusts,—
Unless he sees his pay;—
The baker sues for daily bread
That's dated back to May.

The butcher gives us cast off bones
The public will not buy,
And says: "I 'aint no Christian, boys,
But cannot see you die."

We thank him, with a wordless praise
Emotion's thrill forbids,
And bear it home, with grateful hearts,
To hungry wife and "kids."

The greens are frozen by the track,
King Frost has sealed the brooks;
Muskingum's tide might yield her fruits
With aught to bait our hooks.

The farmers' crops are garnered well,
Safe sealed with lock and key;
No nightly tramp o'er fruitful hills
Would bring relief to me.

Sweet Christmas and the New Year came,
With Christmas joys replete;—
Our little ones hung up their hose,
To fill them up with—feet.

And must it be, our children dear
Ask BREAD, and find a *stone?*
The Christmas turkey once they knew
Proved but "the same old bone."

How long! O ye who hold the reins,
As well as hold the gold,
How long! and yet how long, will ye
Our hard-earned wages hold?

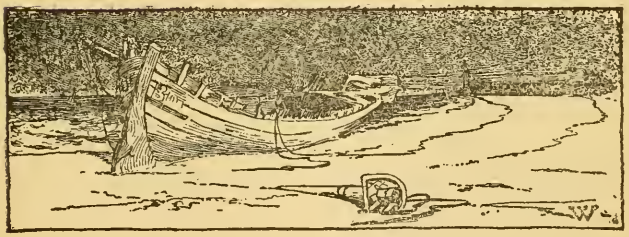
How oft ye tell us o'er the wires,
"The 'Pay car' comes next week!"—
We hold our breath for days and days,
And scarcely dare to speak.—

When, lo! instead comes this decree:
"*Discharge* one-half your crew!"
Again we hold our breath to hear,
"*Cut your last man in two!*"

E'ent hough this should not be our doom,
This savage truth we know,—
A half a man, paid up, would be
A credit to the "Co."

Oh, could we bury in the "Pond"
The cares that on us lie,
Or to some "Covert" crawl away,
Unmourned, unmissed, to die!

How long! O Railroad Kings, how long!
Must this starvation be?
Send on the "Pay car," or the guns,
To end our misery.



The Coming Plague [?]

THERE were plagues in all ages, since Pharoah was king;
And frogs came and covered the soil;
And poor, patient Job, in his trial of faith,
Was tortured with many a boil.

There were earthquakes, that swallowed great isles of the sea,
And crumbled the towns on the shore;
And thousands who'd honored the place of their birth,
Were known to the world—nevermore.

There was war and its rumor in many a land,
And monarchies rudely destroyed;
While crowns have been tossed from the heads of the great
As a child, with its blocks, would have toyed.

There was famine in Russia, and cholera, too;
And typhus, and small-pox, and drouth;

While grim yellow fever, with skeleton strides,
Went stalking abroad in the South.

The grasshopper came to the farmers out west,
Destroying their harvest of grain;
While the cyclone, and blizzard that swooped from the cloud,
Went leveling all in their train.

And rains fell, and floods came, and cities were not;
For the tide swept them on to the sea;
Yet these are as trifling afflictions compared
To the terrible plague that's to be.

Strong men have turned pale at the sound of its name;
Are plunged to the verge of despair.
We hear them proclaim it from sea coast to Maine,–
This horrible "crinoline scare."

Oh! hear the sad wail of Columbia's sons,
When the rumor comes over the sea,
That the hoop-skirt is destined to come to the Fair,
The plague of the season to be!

"Oh! give us the cholera, small-pox, or drouth!
To trifles like these we are dumb!
But Worth(less) inventor of fashion profuse,
Oh! don't let the crinoline come!

Let war be proclaimed 'gainst the Chilian braves!
Let red-handed anarchy reign!
But let not the eyes of thy servants behold
The hoop-skirt invade our domain!"

O man! full of wisdom, far-reaching, and high,
So patient, long-suffering, kind,
Be hushed thy forebodings, and proudly will we
A happier medium find!

Pledge never to tell how our grandmothers toiled,
Our feebler strength to defy!
Why! her hoops in the attic would cover a house!
And her bonnets went scraping the sky.

Forsake ye the grog-shop! the gambling! the rum!
The club, and the midnight return!
Do works for repentance! and gladly will we
The hideous crinoline spurn!

Unappreciated Applause.

AFTER the fight was over and the hated foe
"knocked out,"
After the rounds of wild applause went up with
maniac shout,
After the patrons lost or won their all of worldly
gain,
After the victors hissed the foe with haughty,
proud disdain,

After the friends had gathered up the bruised and
battered pair,
After the gambler's gold was laid upon their altars
there,
After the hero (?) claimed the hour, while the surly
foe was dumb,
After the fight, to view whereof, ten thousand
fools had come,

There came a sound of clanging chains, and strid-
ing in the ring,
There came a form, not man nor beast; a form
with Dragon wings;

His garb proclaimed the dark abyss from which
he'd lately strode;
Great horns projected from his head, where fiery
demons rode.

With pompous stride he walked within the wide
arena's space—
A demon smile, of demon pride, lit up his demon
face;
While over all a silence fell; each braggart's tongue
was dumb;
A nameless fear, a horror dread, upon the host had
come.

And eyes looked questioning into eyes, yet ne'er a
word they spoke,
'Till His Satanic Majesty the painful silence broke;
And thus addressed the fighting chiefs, "*My sons!
ye have done well!*
I could not give a better show in the region where
I dwell.

I've watched ye in your training course; I cheered,
while others said,
'That long-expected fight* will be another fake
instead;'

*Corbett and Mitchell.

My wiles have furthered all your plans; I've
helped ye dodge the law,
And in the cause ye serve so well, I HERE EXTEND
MY CLAW.

I glory in your ghastly grit, and in some future
day,
When ye shall to my kingdom come, to dwell with
me for aye,
Where pandemonium reigns supreme, where count-
less demons dwell,
Methinks such valor as ye show will entertain us
well.

I've stood and watched when Nero's men fought
with the lions bold,
Nor thought to wish a sight more grand to e'er on
earth behold;
I've seen the human torches light the gardens of
the king;
I've seen the wretched slave go down in the glad-
iatorial ring;

I've seen the martyred Christian crushed beneath
the savage jaws,
While like a song of triumph rang the heathen's
wild applause.

I've seen the heathen mother cast her infant in the sea;
I've seen the living funeral pyres, and all this pleaseth me.

I've walked the world since first it was; I've toiled in every clime;
I've played my part with all who've trod the sounding aisles of Time;
I've labored since Creation's dawn, and say without a doubt,
I ne'er have witnessed sight so grand as was this "knocking out."

For while I joyed in heathen crimes, by heathen customs wrought,
'Twas not the crown for which I toiled—the victory I sought.
A conquest in a land, not mine, where Christian zeal is shown,
I count a triumph more complete than Time has ever known.

A triumph in a Christian land, controlled by
Christian laws,
Has won for thee a rich reward, *my Kingdom's*
wild applause.
And now farewell! I go from hence, and though
ye see me not,
Still silently I'll cheer thee on in many a contest
hot.

Meanwhile my hosts down there below my king-
dom shall prepare,
That when 'Old Time' shall 'knock ye out' *we'll*
greet ye WARMLY THERE."
Again the sound of clanging chains, and he of
"cunning wiles"
Went forth to breathe in other hearts the poison
that beguiles.

While awed with awful fear they stood, those
"champions of the ring,"
Who late had met in combat fierce, now weak and
cowering.
The haughty chieftain's pride was gone, the baf-
fled foe was meek;
And each to each in terror looked, but found no
voice to speak.

But hand touched hand across the gulf of Hatred's
yawning tide,
And each a silent friendship pledged in meek and
humbled pride.
Then arm in arm they strode away from out the
villain's den,
And vowed they'd "*Never*, NEVER, NEVER-
MORE TEMPT SATAN BACK AGAIN."

Unrequited.

AWAKE! O slumbering minstrel! and tune your harp to tell
How my happiness was blighted by the girl I loved too well.
With a woman's wiles she won me; though how, I cannot see;
Yet true it is, she lured me to a hapless destiny.

I met her at a picnic, one beauteous Summer day,—
Her sparkling eyes, and merry laugh, drove all my cares away.
I marveled that a creature of such angelic worth,
Should mingle with the mortals that travel 'round on earth.

Ah! such a little year ago! and such a heartless fate!
How could I know the depth of woe I learned, alas! too late!
Alas for woman's weakness! that humbles man so low!
For the love that's unrequited, that brings a world of woe!

Her home was by the river,—on Ohio's peaceful shore,
And the intervening distance was some twenty miles, or more;
But the distance lent enchantment; and love enjoys romance,
And the picture fancy painted would colder hearts entrance.

So on a Summer evening, I sailed adown the tide
On the bonny "Highland Mary," that bore me to her side;
And as I neared the cottage, a pair of merry eyes
Looked out the vine-wreathed window, in seeming glad surprise.

How pleasant was her greeting I fancied so sincere!
Though filled with dire deception, to memory still, 'tis dear.
How many a bright foreboding! what hopes too sweet to share!
To know that I would ever be warmly welcomed there!

So oft in days that followed, the evening boat I'd
board,
And the smiling "mate" would land me at the
home of my adored.
There at the gate she'd meet me, and her bright,
black eyes would shine
With a look I deemed affection, and a smile I
thought was mine.

Thus many a happy evening together we have
spent,
And many a fleeting hour, unnoticed, came and
went;
And thus I learned to love her, with a love as dear
as life,—
A life not worth the living without her as my wife.

One evening in the spring-time, when strolling on
the sand,
I laid my arm around her, and took her by the
hand,
And there beneath the moonlight, a lover's tale I
told;
The story never-changing,—the story sweet and
old.

Her wondrous eyes she lifted, and there within them shone
The bliss for which I waited;—her future was my own.
My heart seemed overflowing, for sure 'twas Eden's bliss,
When we sealed the solemn promise with affection's tender kiss.

And then there fell a silence, much more than words to me,
Broken only by the waters, in a mournful melody;
In memory still, I see her, as the moonbeams kissed her face,
Still standing by the river,—our happy trysting place.

We named the day in August, when united we should be,
And for that happy advent I waited hopefully.
But the many hopes I cherished, and the happy home I'd planned,
Have proved but airy castles, or footprints on the sand.

A storm of disappointments have swept my hopes
away,
And too late have I discovered that my idol was
but clay.
For thus to me she's proven; for my wedding-day
ne'er came,
Yet true was I, and loyal, and she alone to blame.

A week before our wedding,—I mean that was to
be,—
I stood beside her, waiting for the boat to stop for
me;
'Twas the last that I should see her till the day I'd
call her mine;
And I thought her—ay! I knew her—a creature
most divine.

I looked at her in wonder, and questioned in my
mind,
What debt kind Heaven owed me, to be to me so
kind?
She seemed so far surpassing, all earthly things
above,
I wondered how I dared to mate an eagle and a
dove.

We talked about the future, and the hopes that in
it lay,
But her gaze was in the distance, and her thoughts
were far away.
How could I know no dream of me filled up her
bye and bye?
Or that her thoughts that morn were of another,
and not I?

I heard the wash of troubled waves come beating
on the shore;
I saw the boat come sailing down, as oft it had
before.
I kissed her in the sunlight there, in spite of earth
and sky;—
"Just one more week, my darling!" I whispered
with "Good-by."

Then from the bank she watched me, beneath the
sun's bright beam,
And waved her hand toward me, as I floated down
the stream.
But the hills had scarcely hid her forever from my
sight,
When, with the love I knew not of, she took her
ready flight.

Swift rowed they o'er the waters, where fair Kentucky lay;
The preacher gave his blessing, and sent them on their way.
Nor dreamed he of the hopes undone his benediction wrought;—
He only filled, in humble trust, the mission they had sought.

How proudly I had won her, had she been true to me,
I'd shield her from all sorrow,—make bright her destiny;
But we parted by the river, and I never saw her more,
Still memory sadly wanders to those happy days of yore.

Her piano stands unopened, and her voice is heard no more,
And silent, sad and lonely is the cottage on the shore;
There a mother's voice had blessed her, and a father's smile approved,
And there with brothers, sisters, the queen of all, she moved.

But my dream of love is ended, and unrealized will be
My happy hope of building a home for her and me.
The home where oft in fancy her vision reigned supreme;—
But bury all with days gone by, and call it but a dream.

Farewell, then, faithless Fannie! your love no more I crave,
Since now unto another your heart and hand you gave!
May He who'll judge between us, in a day that is to be,
Grant you a happier portion than you have given me.

Her Choice.

SHE sat beside the window, on a Holy Christmas Day,
A snow of heavenly purity on all earth's bosom lay.
The sunbeams danced upon its crest, and myriad diamonds bright
Gleamed forth to live a day, then fade, as fades the day to night.

And still she sat and fondly dreamed, 'till sank the day to rest;
For, though all Christmas times were glad, this seemed to her the best;
And though the diamonds gleamed without, across the frozen snow,
The one upon her finger shone with an unchanging glow.

Unchanging as a man's true love; for *one* had placed it there
Who claimed a promise sweet to hold—"his joys and griefs to share."

A solemn pledge, a tender kiss, had sealed their vows for aye;
A parents' blessing on their heads, and he had rode away.

What though the fair sweet face he loved, stern distance hid from view,
Her image dwelt within his heart, to fond remembrance true.
A lover's hope, a lover's trust, that would not know delay,
Had named the day to claim his bride, in Spring's glad month of May.

To her chill Winter's beauty passed, in silent grandeur by,
And "May would bring her bridal flowers," her glad heart made reply.
And when at eventide she knelt, she kissed the ring she wore,
And breathed a prayer for one she loved, and deathless truth she swore.

While he, through days of shine and rain, in sweet expectance wrought;
A happy home with her he loved, was all the boon he sought.

Then let the wealth of millionaires to craven
hearts be given,
While he with ancient bards could say that
"Heaven is Love, and Love is Heaven."

Alas for hopes! alas for dreams! that ne'er shall
be fulfilled!
Alas, that trusting hearts should find such cruel
wrong instilled!
We raise our idols high above this common, earth-
born clay,
Then stand, with helpless hands, and see them
crumble swift away.

Like to the Paradise of old, the wily serpent came,
So to the Eden they would build, he entered in,
the same,
Not in the Serpent's wily form, and not by Satan's
plan,
But with the tread of venerate age, and in the
form of man.

Her hair was brown with sunny youth, her spirits
light and gay;
His life had reached December's snow, while hers
was in its May.

How did he dare to seek her love across the long
divide?
Or lay his riches at her feet, to tempt another's
bride?

He plead his cause with practiced tongue, he lured
his prey with gold;
Her hands should be to toil unknown, for his was
wealth untold;
Her home should be a mansion fair, her every
wish be filled;
And servants be at her command, to order as she
willed.

Her dress should equal any queen's; her jewels
just as rare;
And none should rival her, when she, queen of his
heart, was there;
No clouds should e'er bedim her sky, nor cares
oppress her way;
Her life should pass as smoothly by as summer's
fairest day.

O! tempt her not beyond her strength! thou aged
but ardent love!
Deliver her from evil now, Thou who dost reign
above!

Thou knowest Thy children's feeble strength,
Thou knowest our faith is small,
Then wilt Thou hold us by Thine hand and raise
us if we fall?

"Which shall it be?" in undertones she questioned o'er and o'er,
"A wealth of Love, or love of Wealth, my choice
forever more?
I know my heart goes out to him, who claims my
earliest love,
A love I deemed as true as stars that light the
skies above.

And he who seeks me—not in vain; yet asks my
love in vain,
An empty hand is all that he can ever hope to
gain.
My heart disdains his ancient head, I shrink from
his embrace,
And can I hope, for every bliss, that *wealth* will
take the place?

O Wealth! I long have dreamed of thee! nor
knew thy glories nigh!
Henceforth, with thee my lot is cast! Grim Poverty, good-by!"

She closed her heart to nobler thoughts; bid love's
bright dream depart;
Nor heard meek Conscience' voice that stirred
emotions in her heart.

The die was cast; she seized the pen: "My
choice is made," she said;
"No toiler's lot I'll deign to share, when I to
wealth can wed!
And well I know it, all my heart to him through
life will cling,
But love of gold has conquered all; I choose it for
my king."

"Dear Robert—once more
I call thee 'Dear Robert' again as of yore,
Though mine in the spirit and pulses of youth,
Thou ne'er canst be mine in the spirit of truth.
Our pathways must sever; grim fate has declared
No more shall we taste of the bliss we have shared.
The castle we built, like a tower to the skies,
Has crumbled to ashes and mouldering lies.

The Queen of thine heart, thou hast worshiped
each day,
Comes down from her throne, for alas! she's but
clay!

The chain of temptation, whose links are of gold,
Has fastened me firm in its powerful hold.

I cannot resist it; O, would that my will
Might tear it asunder and cling to thee still!
Again, I repeat it, our walk through life's day,
Must journey yet farther and farther away.

I know thou hast loved me in honor most true,
Yet I, in my weakness, am faithless to you.
Thou didst plan for my coming, with lover-like
pride;
Thou didst wait for life's journey with me by thy
side.

To share all thy pleasure and solace thy care,
For woman's companionship sweetens despair;
Yet I must relinquish that mission divine
To one whose affections are stronger than mine.

A victim I stand to a sorcerer's art,
Who uses his riches to polish his dart.
Thou wilt not believe the stern truth when I say
I am going to marry *another* in May.

Forever to leave thee! and not in this life
Will it e'er be thy portion to call me thy wife.
Then scorn me! abhor me! despise and forget,
And FORGIVE thy misguided and erring Jannette."

With trembling hand she signed her name, heaved
one regretful sigh;
And then in quivering accents, breathed a sad,
despairing cry.
"O, Father, Thou, to whom all hearts, all desti-
nies belong,
Canst Thou forgive, if he cannot, since I have done
this wrong?

Although my life be shipwrecked on the ocean of
regret;
Although for aye, I rue the day when I Temptation
met,
I must not yield, I must not turn; the flowers that
bloom in May,
With diamonds bright, grim age will bring his
bride her wedding day.

Farewell to thee! and nevermore the story old
we'll tell.
Perhaps we'll learn in years to come 'twas best to
say Farewell.

With pallid lips and stern set face he read her last farewell.
Swift as a bolt from summer skies his airy castle fell.
" Forgive thee ! yes ! when rivers deep their waters backward flow !
Forget thee ! when my soul shall cease all earthly grief to know !

Forget thee ! when death's hand shall set its seal upon my brow !
Forgive thee, when the wound shall heal, but do not ask it now.
Too well I loved thee to *forget;* for thoughts know no control.
Thine image dwelt within my heart, the guardian of my soul.

Thou wert my idol ! All day long I worshipped at thy shrine.
If I have sinned for thy sweet sake, the fault is thine, not mine.
Go with thine honored husband; place thy hand within his own ;
Wear his diamonds on thy forehead, like a queen upon her throne.

Wear his gold with regal splendor! gold with which he bought his slave!
Soon thou'lt find it but a shackle that has bound thee to a knave!
Honor, trust, revere and *serve* him! Smooth the furrows from his brow!
Thou hast longed for higher calling; surely thou hast found it now.

Should thy mansion prove a prison, and thou pinest to be free,
Do not mar its golden hinges by a single thought of me.
Go thy way! and joy go with thee! let thine heart be all his own!
So canst thou, in scanty measure, for this cruel wrong atone.

Mocking worlds shall never fathom all my anguish and regret;
Never know how much I loved thee! beautiful but false Jannette!
I will tear thine image from me! spurn it as a thing accursed!
Why should I thy vision cherish when another cometh first?

Thou wert even worse than faithless; e'en as
Judas did of old,
Thou hast sold life's highest pleasure for the craven
love of gold.
Other hearts have known their sorrows; other
lives have lived them down;
I will face the world before me with a smile and
not a frown!

None shall ever know the sorrows that the smiles
will hide away.
Till all hearts give up their secrets on the dread-
ful Judgment Day,
I can only wish thee happy; nor e'er 'gainst Fate
rebel.
Loved, and lost, and faithless sweetheart, now for-
ever—Fare-thee-well!

* * * * * *

Ten years had passed on fleeting wings,
As all the years must go,
Again the joyous Christmas came
To bless the world below.
The merry sound of merry bells
Upon the frosty air,
Sang, "Peace on Earth" to all mankind,
And "Good will" everywhere.

A woman looked, with solemn eyes,
Upon the festive scene,
While o'er her young, yet faded face,
There crept a solemn mien;
As solemn as the garb she wore;
The dark funereal gown,
The outward sign of inward woe,
Of sorrow's bitterest frown.

The old man sleeps upon the hill,
Beneath December's snow,
Where moaning pines forever sings
A requiem soft and low.
Down deep within the new-made grave,
Away from praise or blame,
She laid all errors that would cast
Reflections on his name.

The gilded tale of golden store,
The myth of mansions fair,
The stolen love, the aftermath,
Forever slumber there.
Nor e'er by word, nor e'er by sign
Her secret woes reveal;
Death, o'er the grave and o'er the past,
Alike has set its seal.

O, were her thoughts out there with him,
Beneath the winter's snow?
Or did they wander back again
To Christmas—long ago.
Before she knew temptation's power,
Or learned deception's creed,
Or knew that hopes on riches built,
Were blighted hopes indeed?

The phantom, Wealth, before her fled,
Like dew before the sun;
While he who lured her in the chase,
Fell in the race he run.
And with the little ones she loved,
More than all else beside,
She sought again the home she left,
To be an old man's bride.

Beside the window where she solved
The problem of *Her Choice*,
She sat once more, and listened to
Her baby's prattling voice.
A little girl with golden hair
Climbed on her mother's knee,
And watched the snowy, festive scene
With childish, baby glee.

"O, mamma! see ze ponies come!
Aint 'at a pitty wide?"
She looked to see her friend of old;
'Twas Robert and his bride.
A woman fair, with trustful eyes,
Looked up to meet the gaze
Of him who once had sought her love
In other, happier days.

A bitter cry, a stifled sob,
A tear regretful shone;
The happy pair dashed swiftly by,
And she must weep alone.
Back through the unbarred doors of Time,
In hallways of the past,
Her yearning heart would linger still,
Ere sorrow chained her fast.

She bowed her head in penitence
That follows wrong and sin,
And murmured o'er the name she loved,
"Alas! it might have been!
The little one beheld her grief,
With tender, pitying thrill,
And swift her childish fancy flew
To the grave upon the hill.

And said, while loving baby arms
Around her neck she wound,
"What made ze wicked people put
My papa in ze ground?"
"Dear little girl, this truth thou'lt learn
Ere life's brief path be trod,
That buried hopes have deeper graves
Than those beneath the sod."

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